

# The Sketch



No. 626.—Vol. XLIX.

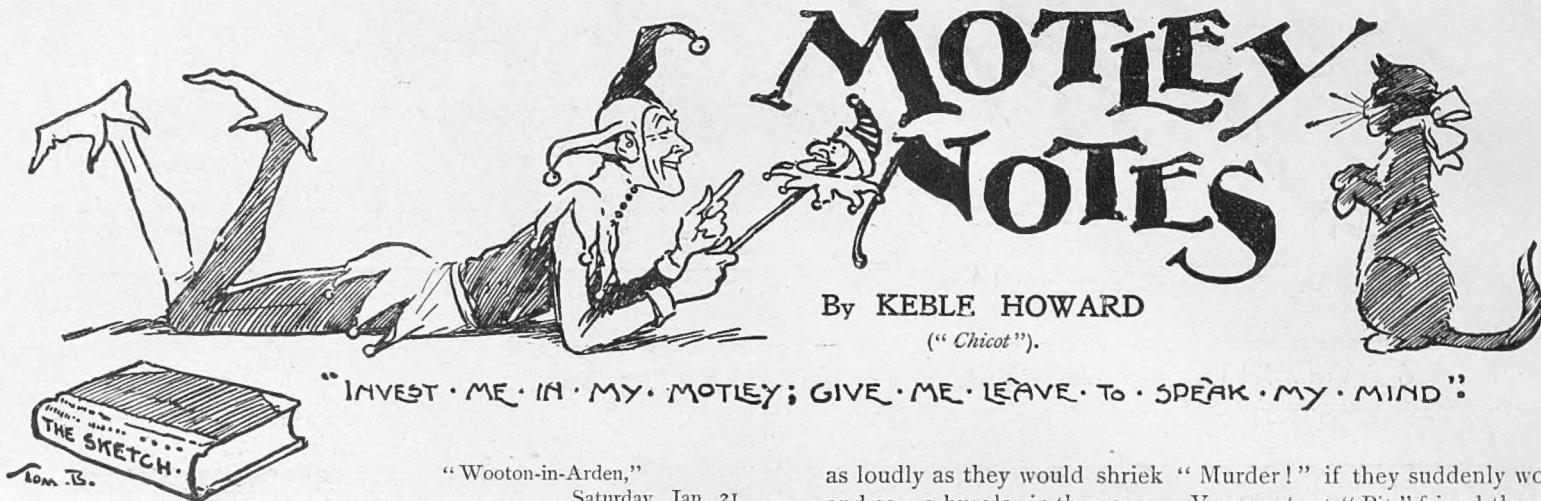
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



THE NEW BEATRICE: MISS WINIFRED EMERY IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"  
AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

DRAWN, AT A SPECIAL SITTING, BY M. A. S.



"Wooton-in-Arden,"

Saturday, Jan. 21.

THE town-dweller, that epicure in pleasure, would be surprised to see how simply we petty country-folk take our amusements. Just at the moment, of course, our chief recreation by day is skating. We have looked out our skates, removed, as far as may be, the accumulated rust of ten years, and have sprawled, and scratched, and shrieked, and tumbled to our hearts' content. All the afternoon, I have been playing hockey on the ice, and now, as I sit down to my pleasant weekly task, my face is still aglow with the sting of the good north wind, and my ankles have a cherished ache in them that carries me back in memory to the hard, cheery winters of my extreme youth. Skating, unhappily, has almost died out in England; it is coming to be looked upon as a rather picturesque, old-fashioned sport. Twelve or fifteen years ago, though, we skated every winter and all the winter. I can well remember—delightful phrase!—how eagerly I would set out from home at ten in the morning, a hunch of cake in one pocket and a packet of bread-and-cheese in the other. The lake was two miles distant, so that, once there, I refused to leave my beloved ice until the winter night began to close in and the last party of skaters set their faces towards the twinkling village. I have been skating on that very spot to-day, but the two miles seemed a small matter, and the size of the lake had diminished in the most alarming manner. Nor, I am ashamed to add, did I content myself with a hunch of cake and a packet of bread-and-cheese. No; of my degeneracy, I lunched before I went, and returned in excellent time for tea.

In the evenings, for the most part, we play "Pit." In case there is any friendly reader living in some remote district who has not had the opportunity of learning the game, I will endeavour to explain it. We will suppose that there are five players. Very well, then. You make up a pack of forty-five cards. Nine of these cards will be marked "Wheat," nine "Corn," nine "Barley," nine "Oats," and nine, say, "Rye." The players are allowed half-a-minute in which to sort their cards; the dealer then cries, "The Pit is open." On the word, the players at once begin to trade, their object being to secure all the nine cards of some particular suit. They do not play in turns, but everybody trades with everybody, so that the quickest player—provided, also, that he has a fairly loud voice—stands the best chance of winning. The trading is done in ones, twos, threes, and so on. Thus, you may give two "Barleys" for two "Wheats," or three "Wheats" for three "Corns." Directly one player has secured a "corner"—that is to say, all the nine cards of any one suit—he holds up his hand and shouts "Corner!" The scorer then credits him with a number of points according to the worth of the cards. These vary in value, the points being marked clearly upon each card. There! Is that quite straightforward?

You can complicate the game by introducing two additional cards known as the "Bull" and the "Bear." Personally, I think "Pit" is better without these complications. At any rate, it is quite good enough, while the novelty of the thing lasts, for me and for everyone that I have seen playing it. It is remarkable to note how the staid, shy people will shout themselves hoarse over it, leaning across the table and attempting to snatch cards—strictly in the way of trade, of course—from people to whom they have been but lately introduced, or of whom they have stood in awe for twenty years. I have seen dear old gentlemen of seventy, after playing a particularly exciting round, fling themselves back in their chairs, gasping for breath and feebly endeavouring to bring their snowy locks into some show of order. I have seen sweet old ladies, grandmothers and even great-grandmothers, waving a handful of cards in the air and shrieking "Corner in Corn!"

as loudly as they would shriek "Murder!" if they suddenly woke up and saw a burglar in the room. You *must* get "Pit," friend the reader.

On Thursday last, again, the Railway Company thoughtfully provided a special late train in order to allow us to visit the Birmingham pantomime. By the way, don't jump to the conclusion that Wooton-in-Arden is a suburb of Birmingham. It is true that that city furnishes us with many of the necessities of life, and that our letters go forth to the world bearing upon their rustic, simple faces the Birmingham post-mark. Yet we are so far from Birmingham that the marks of the builder are unknown, and we still look back with awe and wonder to the afternoon when a queer-shaped vehicle, known, I am told, as a hansom-cab, was actually seen in our winding street. You may imagine, therefore, that a visit to the Birmingham pantomime is a pleasure that partakes, to some extent, of the nature of a pilgrimage. Every year, as the pantomime season comes round, we look forward to this trip with tiny, ill-suppressed thrills of delight. As the very day approaches, we read, again and again, the deliciously enticing advertisements in the Birmingham papers, hugging to ourselves the thought that, though all the city should clamour at the doors of the theatre, nobody can take from us our dress-circles or our pit-stalls. And so, at last, the night of unalloyed delight comes round, when for four hours we may sit spell-bound, gazing rapturously at the stage-beauties, holding our sides over the humours of the comedians, catching at our breath as scene succeeds scene, wonder succeeds wonder. Finally, when all is over, we travel back, in our special train, to little Wooton-in-Arden, and find fresh joy in the knowledge that we are abroad at one o'clock in the morning, and that, on the morrow, we shall have earned the right to be regarded by our neighbours as persons of considerable dissipation.

Have you ever heard, I wonder, of a "Confession Book"? If you have—and I am well aware that, nowadays, everyone has heard of everything—be good enough to skip this humble paragraph. If you have not, I may venture to quote the searching questions in a "Confession Book" belonging to a young person of my acquaintance, who handed the volume to me this very morning, with strict injunctions to fill in the answers as truthfully as I could. The insinuation nettled me, and that is why I am making "copy" out of the "Confession Book." Here, then, are the questions—

- (1) Your favourite virtue.
- (2) Vice you most dislike.
- (3) Your favourite character in history.
- (4) Your favourite motto.
- (5) Your favourite name for a lady.
- (6) Your favourite name for a gentleman.
- (7) Your favourite employment.
- (8) Your favourite amusement.
- (9) Your favourite flower.
- (10) Your favourite colour.
- (11) Your favourite book.
- (12) Your favourite song.
- (13) Your favourite poet.
- (14) Country in which you would most like to live.
- (15) Your favourite language.
- (16) Your present state of mind.
- (17) Your idea of perfect happiness.
- (18) Your idea of perfect misery.
- (19) Your favourite hero in fiction.
- (20) Your favourite heroine in fiction.
- (21) Your favourite hero in real life.
- (22) Your favourite heroine in real life.
- (23) Your greatest desire.

Well, I filled 'em all in, notwithstanding the slur that had been cast upon my well-known habit of truthfulness. Next week, in the hope that I may amuse you, I will record my confessions.

## THE "AGONIES" OF "SILENT WORSHIPPER" AND "SHY LADY":

## POSSIBILITIES OF A CONTINUANCE OF THE CRAZE



## THE CLUBMAN.

Naples—Monte Carlo.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago I first saw Naples, and I am glad to say that I have not yet fulfilled the second half of the Neapolitan proverb. No town, not even London, has improved so much in half a man's lifetime as has the city opposite to Vesuvius. Broad roads, with fine, big houses on either side, have been driven through the part of the town between the railway station and the Municipal Square, where the worst rookeries used to be, and Santa Lucia, which is still magnificently picturesque and deplorably dirty, will soon be hidden from sight, for the builders are busy on the great square of land which has been reclaimed from the sea before the old fishermen's quarter.

The first hotel I stayed at in Naples was the Albergo di Roma, which jutted out into the harbour at Santa Lucia. There was a little breakwater of rocks to prevent the waves from beating too violently below the windows of the dining-room, and I recall the pleasure I had in looking from my bedroom window across a miniature garden to the

was enveloped in a mist, and when that cleared away all the cone was white with newly-fallen snow. The sun melted it in a quarter of an hour. Vesuvius was behaving very well, far too well to be interesting. Now and again it would puff out lazily some greasy, black smoke, waiting till each little cloud had drifted far out to sea before it emitted the next.

Ermette Novelli, one of Italy's finest comedians, was acting at the Sanazaro Theatre. Italy seems to suffer from a greater dearth of native playwrights than England does, for here was one of her representative actor-managers who in eight performances in a week was playing translations of seven French plays and one English one, the British author thus honoured being Brandon Thomas, and the play "La Zia di Carlo." Novelli is a splendid comedian, with a wonderfully mobile face, much humour, and perfect ease. He played, in the two performances I went to see, the King in "Louis XI." and the self-made, elderly hero in a comedy by Theodore Barrière.

Monte Carlo, which is my last stage on my journey home, is in its most pleasant state. The weather is splendid now, and the people here tell me that they learned more from the London papers about the



THE KAISER'S REQUEST FOR A "SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR": AN ENGRAVING OF THE PICTURE WHICH HIS MAJESTY HAS ASKED PERMISSION TO HAVE COPIED.

At a recent Court of Common Council, there was read a letter from the German Chargé d'Affaires, asking permission for a copy of the picture "The Siege of Gibraltar," the property of the Corporation of the City of London, to be made for the German Emperor. The request was, of course, granted, and the copy will, eventually, be hung in the reception-hall of the Royal Castle at Hanover. In view of the Kaiser's desire, it has been remarked facetiously that His Imperial Majesty, painter and warrior though he be, does not feel himself equal to tackling a "Siege of Gibraltar." For the right to make our reproduction, we are indebted to the courtesy of the Corporation of the City of London, and of Messrs. Graves, the publishers of the engraving.

blue water. The hotel has fallen upon evil days now; its shutters have parted company with their hinges, and the family washing is hung out to dry on the "terrasse"; but the breakwater remains high and dry, and a very lean horse was grazing where the blue water used to be.

In thirty-five years the Neapolitans have been taught to be kinder to dumb beasts than was their wont, and it is the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals which has effected this. The first Honorary Secretary, who, it is scarcely necessary to say, was an Englishman, was very nearly killed by some ruffians; but the Society has carried its point, and the Neapolitan drivers know that if they overload their carts or ill-treat their horses there is a probability that they will be prosecuted. There is always one of the officials of the Society watching the traffic at the street which goes up the steep hill from the Museum, and drivers dismount and push their carts and carriages, instead of flogging and swearing, as used to be their custom. The Neapolitan has not really become any more humane, but he has been frightened into good behaviour in this one particular.

Vesuvius with snow half-way down its sides is a sight I had never seen before. One unsettled morning, the upper part of the mountain

"cold snap" than they saw and felt themselves. The rush of visitors has not yet begun; there are tables to be obtained without difficulty, and anyone who wishes to gamble can obtain a seat at the board of green cloth at any hour of the day or night.

The gentleman who has invented the calculating-machine which was to ruin the bank has not been in evidence during my stay. I am told by some people that he retired after winning a hundred and twenty-five louis—the exact number was given me; other people say that his machine was broken, and, again, others that it was not the instrument that was "broke." I have seen no high play this year, but I hear that a Frenchman has been winning largely. This is always the time of year at which reports fly about as to great wins, which make every gambler in Europe feel that he is losing the chance of his life by not being at Monte Carlo.

The season of Grand Opera has not yet commenced, and the theatre is occupied by travelling Companies—Mlle. Polaire and her Company in "Le Friquet," and a Company playing "The Geisha," the one of the Daly's musical pieces which I find being played wherever I go in Europe.

## UGLY LONDON.

THE latest project of hotel-extension aims at excelling anything that has gone before. There can be no difference of opinion as to the site that has been secured. It is an ideal selection, comprising, as it does, the block of property lying between Piccadilly and Regent Street at present occupied by St. James's Hall, St. James's Restaurant, and neighbouring business establishments. Here it is intended to erect an hotel and restaurant, with shops on the ground-floor fronting to Piccadilly, Regent Street, Air Street, and Piccadilly Place. Regent Street has little to show in street-improvement since Nash built the Quadrant nearly ninety years ago. Nor has Pall Mall much to boast

the hotel will be in Piccadilly, and there will be other entrances in Piccadilly Place and Regent Street. Rising above the balcony will be the façade of seven storeys, with grouped columns and ample provision for windows. The two wings of the façade will be terminated by domes, to be covered with Spanish tiles. The façade will be striking in its simplicity. In the Quadrant there will be the main lines of the Piccadilly front, and shops with entresol will extend throughout the front. There will also be the grand entrance to the Restaurant.

The interior of the Piccadilly Hotel should satisfy the most exacting of American visitors. A great feature of the hotel



THE NEW PICCADILLY HOTEL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN FINISHED.

of in the way of architectural design. The new hotel—to be known as the Piccadilly—of which we give an illustration on this page, should do more to embellish and improve this great centre of London than anything that has been erected for many years. No pains will be spared by those responsible for the building to make it worthy of the site upon which it is to stand, a magnificent site for hotel purposes. The rebuilding of the portion of the Quadrant taken in by the new hotel must form the basis for the future design of the whole of the Quadrant, and the introduction of columnar features will enable the most to be made of its fine sweep. On the Piccadilly side there will be a handsome row of shops, with entresol terminated by semicircular arches supporting a handsome continuous balustraded balcony. Shops will also be erected on the Regent Street, Air Street, and Piccadilly Place frontages. The lower part of the main building will be wholly of light-grey granite, to harmonise with the superstructure, which is to be entirely of Portland stone. The grand entrance to

will be abundance of light, natural light, not only in a few special rooms, but all over the house; and this is a matter of the greatest importance in a climate like ours. And whilst the reception and dining rooms at the Piccadilly will excel others in size and height, all the bedrooms will be large, light, and lofty. Amongst other things ministering to the enjoyment of visitors will be Turkish baths.

From what we have said, it will be seen that the Piccadilly, whether we have regard to the improvement it will effect in the architectural appearance of the eastern ends of Regent Street and Piccadilly, or to the sumptuous completeness of its internal fittings, should be welcomed. But if a hotel is to be successful there must be good management, and here again the Piccadilly is fortunate. There will be no ornamental Directors upon its Board.

It is safe to say that the Piccadilly has a brilliant future before it, and hotels that attract and become famous, as the Piccadilly is bound to do, are among the most profitable of industrial enterprises.

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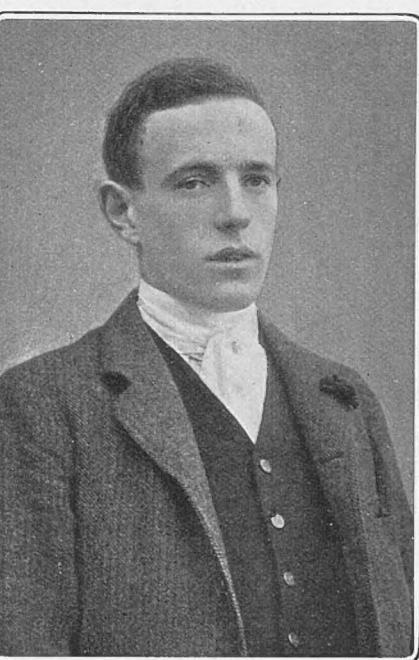
cent ball, to which it is thought those invited will be asked to come in fancy-dress. After his stay in Dublin, the Prince of Wales will honour Lord and Lady Londonderry with a visit to the beautiful Irish home, Mount Stewart, County Down, of which they are so fond.

*A Lady Orator.*—Lady Frances Balfour is one of the best women speakers in this country, and her presence on a platform is always eagerly welcomed by those amongst her audience who have heard her before. In some ways, the Premier's sister-in-law strongly recalls her late father, the Duke of Argyll, and this both in personal appearance and in character. Lady Frances takes an enthusiastic interest in all the affairs of the moment, be they political, social, or literary. She often writes controversial letters to the *Times*, and is an antagonist worthy of any foeman's steel. As is to be expected in one born a Campbell and married to a Balfour, Lady Frances is devoted to Scotland and to things Scottish, but she is ever quite equal to the task of criticising those she loves, and of late she has had much to say and write concerning the Scottish Church crisis. In this connection, it is interesting to recall the fact that her sister, Lady Mary Carr Glyn, is married to an English Bishop.



A PROMINENT WOMAN ORATOR: LADY FRANCES BALFOUR.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



THE CHIEF RECIPIENT OF MRS. MEYNELL-INGRAM'S ESTATE: THE HON. E. F. L. WOOD.

Photograph by Russell.

## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

*Lady Helen Vincent.* The wife of the great financier who from the first

threw the whole of his weighty influence on the side of Free Trade, Lady Helen Vincent has of late taken her place among the leading political hostesses. Both in London and at Esher Place, Sir Edgar Vincent's beautiful house near Claremont, she entertains brilliant parties of noted men and women gracing the worlds of politics and Society. It is in her country home alone that Lady Helen is able to indulge her rather exceptional love of gardening.

*Our Little Sailor Princes.*

The news that Prince Edward and Prince Albert of Wales are to be sent, before long, to the Royal Naval College at Osborne is a significant proof of the value which both the King and the Prince of Wales attach to the training afforded by the sea-service. Our Sailor King, William IV., was fond of saying that there was no better place in the world than the quarter-deck of a British man-of-war for turning a boy into an English gentleman. Doubtless, Prince Edward will have to enter the Army later on, but Prince Albert is to adopt the Navy as his profession in the same thorough manner as did his father, and his younger brothers could not do better than follow his example. It is pleasing to think that the young Princes will receive their naval training at Osborne, so long and so intimately connected with Queen Victoria.

*The Recall of Admiral Kaznakoff.*

The numerous reasons given for the substitution of Admiral Dubas-soft for Admiral Kaznakoff as Russian representative on the North Sea Commission have received a somewhat extraordinary addition. In brief, it is placed at the door of an ailment not altogether unknown in official circles, aphasia. In Admiral Kaznakoff's case, however, the loss of memory is said to be actual, not merely diplomatic. The story runs that the malady developed shortly after his arrival in Paris, and was first made manifest when he persisted in calling Admiral Fournier, with whom he was dining, alternately "Fouquier" and "Marmier."

Later, after the official reception at the Elysée, he is said to have startled one of his countrymen by forgetting the name of the President of the French Republic. That same evening the Russian Embassy got into communication with Tsarskoe-Selo, and the consequence was an order to the Admiral to return home and report.

Lord and Lady Warwick welcome their first-born home to-day (25th) from what must have been a perilous expedition. Almost a year ago the future owner of Warwick Castle elected to join Kuropatkin's army as Correspondent for Reuter's world-famous Press Agency, and he has seen a good deal of the operations in Manchuria from the Russian point of view. Lord Brooke, who is a fine-looking, modest, young man, went out to the Front during the late South African War when only just eighteen, and shortly after his return celebrated his coming of age. Few "elder sons" start life under more agreeable auspices; both his



AN ARISTOCRATIC WAR-CORRESPONDENT:  
LORD BROOKE, EXPECTED HOME TO-DAY.

Photograph by Barnett.

parents are devoted to him, and there seems an idea that he may emulate his brother-in-law, Lord Helmsley, by going into politics.

*Consul's Successor.* The defunct Consul, most intelligent of monkeys, has a worthy successor in Coco, "the human-miracle ape," who has been a "star turn" in almost every large city in Europe, and who will shortly make his first bow to an English audience from the stage of the Palace Theatre. This further proof of the Darwinian theory, with whose portrait and autograph we have been favoured, is, if report be true, quite a man-about-town, a wearer of fashionable clothes, a diner at fashionable restaurants, a writer of letters, and a signer of photographs. He is said, also, to shine as a mimic, and to reproduce with embarrassing fidelity the idiosyncrasies of those with whom he comes in contact. He has been received in audience by the King and Queen of Sweden, and would have appeared before the Czar had not the advent of an heir to his throne made His Imperial Majesty too busy to see him.

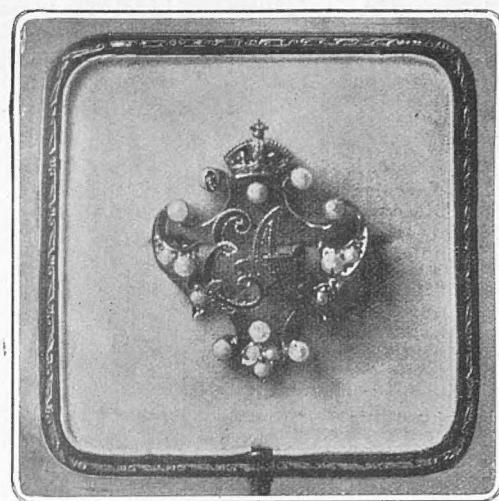
*A Royal Gift to Mrs. Brown-Potter.* Mrs. Brown-Potter's appearance as Julie, with Mr. Tree, in the performance of "A Man's Shadow" given



*Coco*

CONSUL'S SUCCESSOR: "THE HUMAN-MIRACLE APE," COCO, AND HIS AUTOGRAPH.

Photograph by Scharmann



A ROYAL GIFT TO MRS. BROWN-POTTER: THE BROOCH PRESENTED TO THE ACTRESS BY THE KING AND QUEEN.

Photograph by the Maidenhead Photographic Company.

ingenious gentleman who hovered, a pathetic figure, in the neighbourhood of the Bank, collected small change from the charitably disposed, and regained the use of his limbs when, after his business-hours, he boarded the 'bus that took him the first stage on his way to his comfortable suburban home, has been succeeded in popular interest by George Jenkins, who has sold matches and boot-laces at the corner of Shepherdess Walk and City Road for some five-and-thirty years, and who recently prosecuted his "valet" for robbing him of his watch and chain, some clothing, and a pair of opera-glasses. Jenkins, however, is evidently no impostor, inasmuch as he has been paralysed for some eight-and-fifty years—he is now sixty-five—and he will not admit that his pitch is as lucrative as it may seem. "I shouldn't get on at all," he is reported to have said, "if I didn't get eighteen pounds a year from St. Luke's Local Charities and much kindness from Lady Jeune." In our photograph he is shown wearing a cast-off astrachan overcoat of Sir Francis Jeune's.

before the King and Queen and the King and Queen of Portugal at Windsor Castle has brought her an autograph brooch from the King and Queen, on which she sets great value. It will be remembered that Mrs. Brown-Potter joined Mr. Tree's Company specially for this one production, and that she also received the thanks of the Royal host and hostess.

Temptations to adopt the seemingly lucrative profession of begging are on the increase. The

a family prominent among the pro-Vatican, or "Black," aristocracy. Signor Marconi, by the way, has been wild-boar hunting with the King of Italy in the Royal preserves of Castelporziano, and has a bag of three to his credit.

Miss Magill's beautiful Pekinese "San Toy" is a veritable aristocrat amongst dogs. Both his grandparents were brought direct from Pekin, his grandfather, "Ak-Cum," being smuggled over in hay.

*The New Under-Secretary for India.* The late Earl of Hardwicke is succeeded as Under-Secretary of State for India by the Marquis of Bath, who, as Viscount Weymouth, sat in the House of Commons for the Frome Division of Somersetshire for some seven years, broken into two periods. The new Under-Secretary has acted as private secretary to the late Earl of Iddesleigh and as assistant private secretary to Viscount Goschen at the Treasury. He is married to Violet Caroline, daughter of Sir Charles Mordaunt, the tenth Baronet; is brother-in-law to the Earl of Cromer; and is the patron of twelve livings.

*The Betrothal of Signor Marconi.* The apparently authoritative announcement that Signor Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, is to marry Princess Giacinta Ruspoli, the daughter of Prince Ruspoli, one of the chief officers of the Papal Court, has aroused considerable interest in social and scientific circles. The coming bride, who is the fifth and youngest child of her father, is in her twenty-second year, and is in the enviable position of being considered the handsomest of Rome's fair daughters. Her father is First Private Chamberlain of the Cloak and Sword to the Pope, and a member of



AN ARISTOCRAT AMONG DOGS: MISS MAGILL'S PEKINESE SAN TOY.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Needless to say, he is a great favourite with his mistress.

*A Critic and the Managers.* History is, in a manner, repeating itself as

regards the relations between theatrical managers and dramatic critics. Mr. Walkley's little dispute ended satisfactorily, and was, after all, carried on in a more or less amiable spirit. In America, methods are different, and much excitement has been aroused by the refusal of the authorities of Daly's Theatre, New York, to allow Mr. James Metcalfe, the editor and dramatic critic of *Life*, to witness the first performance of Miss Evie Greene in "The Duchess of Dantzig." The theatrical managers, with a cartoon on the Chicago theatre fire, printed in Mr. Metcalfe's paper, still in remembrance, insist that the critic is not only biased, but has personal enmity against them, and, some while ago, decided to prevent his entry into their theatres. To this, they received the reply that anyone who cared to pay for a seat was entitled to occupy that seat,



A HAWKER WITH A "VALET": GEORGE JENKINS, WEARING SIR FRANCIS JEUNE'S OVERCOAT, AT HIS PITCH.

Photograph by Advance Agency.



ROYAL CHILDREN OF THE WEST:  
PRINCESS MAFALDA, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE  
KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

Photograph by Guigoni and Bossi.

been accused of being owing to the fact that many of the managers with whom he is in conflict are Jews, and states that he is merely fighting unworthy members of the theatrical trust. It should be interesting to watch the result.

*Belgian Royalties.* Among future Kings and Queens, few young couples are more cordially esteemed at home and abroad than are Prince and Princess Albert of Flanders. Their Royal Highnesses are adored in Brussels, and the greatest interest is taken in the progress of their children. King Leopold's nephew and heir is, of course, very closely related to our own Royal Family, and Queen Victoria took a very tender interest in the Prince Consort's namesake. Before his marriage to one of the many pretty daughters of the Royal oculist, Duke Theodore of Bavaria,

and they have since been confronted with the spectacle of Mr. Metcalfe arriving at Daly's accompanied by a squad of police. Escort notwithstanding, however, he was still denied admission, and, much to the disappointment of the crowd which had gathered in anticipation of a fight, he eventually withdrew, arguing that the case must, in the interests of the theatre-going public, be adjudged in the highest Courts. Mr. Metcalfe, who has now been turned away from five-and-forty theatres, denies that he is anti-Semitic, as he has

daughters will, doubtless, live to see their fatherland even more established than it now is among the kingdoms of Europe. It is a curious fact that as regards nursery management England rules the Courts not only of the Western world, but of the Far East. The little Japanese Royalties are brought up in the English fashion, and the Queen of Italy's daughters and infant son have a devoted British nurse.

Further details of the King of the Belgians' Japanese palace in the grounds of the Royal park at Laeken are to hand.



ROYAL CHILDREN OF THE WEST:  
PRINCESS YOLANDA, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE  
KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

Photograph by Guigoni and Bossi.

The erection, it appears, takes the form of a five-storeyed tower, of which the door, a wonderful and beautiful example of the carver's craft, came from the Japanese Exhibition in Paris. The hall is lit by coloured windows picturing the land of chrysanthemum and cherry-blossom in peace and in war. Further, the building is, for the present at least, forbidden ground, and is closely watched by a specially detailed body of soldiers and Gendarmes.



PRINCE ALBERT OF FLANDERS, NEPHEW AND HEIR TO KING LEOPOLD,  
THE PRINCESS, AND THEIR CHILDREN, PRINCE LEOPOLD (BORN 1901), AND  
PRINCE CHARLES (BORN 1903).

Photograph by Günther.

Prince Albert had travelled much both in the Old and New Worlds, and he made an exhaustive tour of the great British industrial towns. The Prince and Princess live much of the year in the Belgian capital, and the Princess is now recognised as the leader of Society there.

There is something piquant in the similarity and in the contrast afforded by a glimpse of baby Royalties East and West. The children of the Crown Prince of Japan have been born in what seems likely to become their country's most glorious century; and the King of Italy's little

the late Mr. Joseph George Lambert, which has just been proved. Mr. Lambert, who was at one time one of the most prominent figures on the Turf, left two thousand pounds and a life annuity of twelve hundred pounds to his wife, and, with the exception of this and minor legacies to the amount of just over five thousand pounds, the whole of his estate goes to the benefit of the hospitals. It is to be hoped that the thirty thousand pounds still required will soon be found, and His Majesty's fund be placed in the enviable position of being able to provide fifty thousand pounds a year in perpetuity.



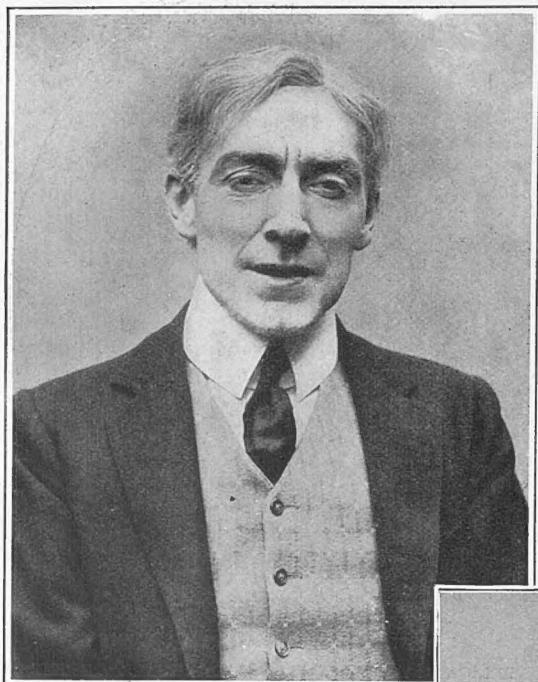
ROYAL CHILDREN OF THE EAST:  
THE FUTURE EMPEROR OF JAPAN, H.I.H. PRINCE  
MICHINO-MIYA, ELDEST SON OF THE CROWN PRINCE.

Photograph supplied by Ruddiman Johnston.



ROYAL CHILDREN OF THE EAST:  
H.I.H. PRINCE ATSU-NO-MIYA, SECOND SON OF THE  
CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN.

Photograph supplied by Ruddiman Johnston.

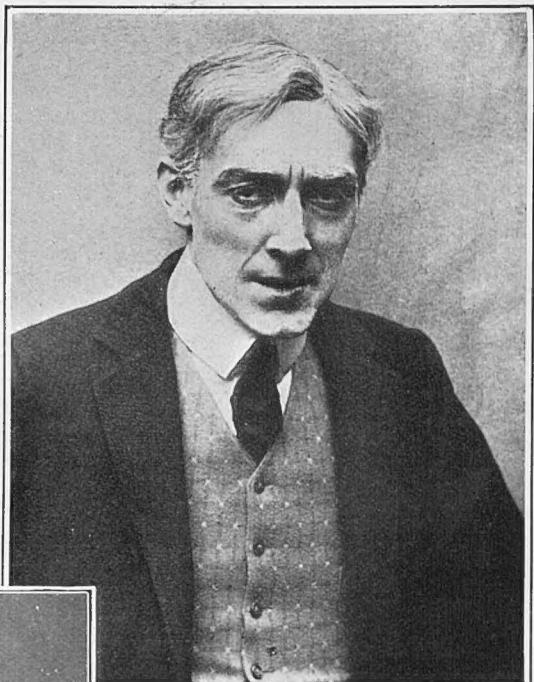


MR. GEORGE SMITH WRIGHT  
AS GEORGE ALEXANDER—  
JOHN CHILCOTE.

Photograph by Bassano.

*Mr. George Alexander in "Mrs. Katherine Search of a Double."* Those readers of Mrs. Cecil Thurston's clever novel, "John Chilcote, M.P.", who have been wondering how Mr. George Alexander proposed to impersonate both Chilcote and his double, Loder, in the forthcoming production of a dramatised version of the story have not been alone in their bewilderment, but they may now set their minds at rest. Mr. Thurston, who has adapted his wife's book, sought to clinch the matter once and for all by never permitting the two characters to appear on the stage at the same time, thus allowing for Mr. Alexander to take the two

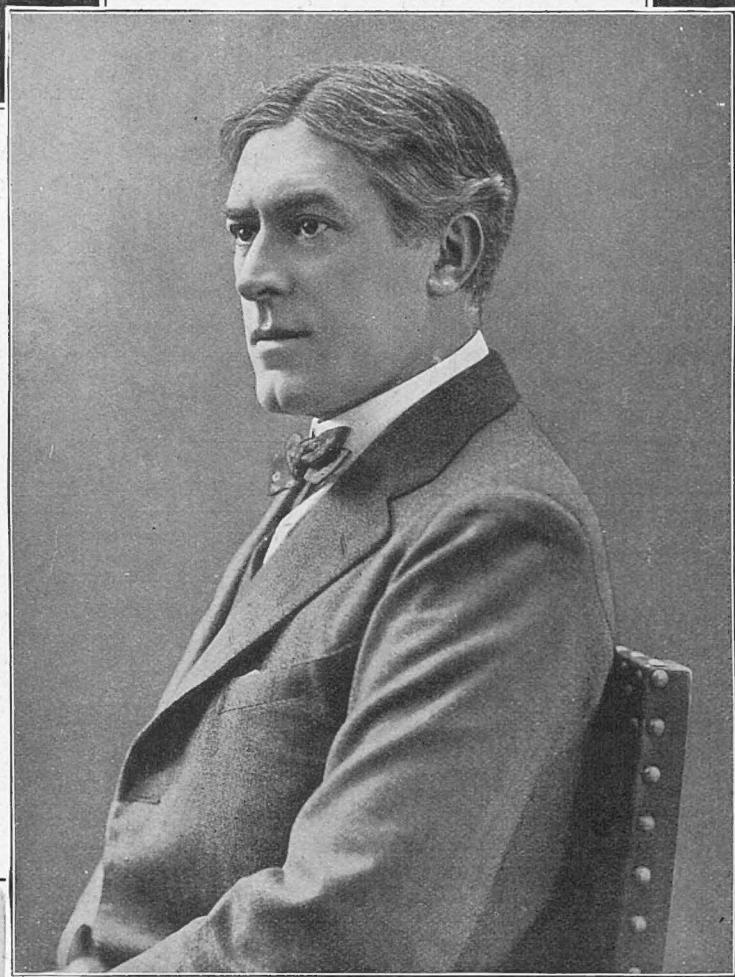
parts throughout the play. The popular actor-manager, however, decided, and, no doubt, decided wisely, that the strength of the piece was likely to be lessened by this method, deemed it better that the meeting at which the morphia-taking M.P. and his ambitious counterpart arrange for an exchange of personalities should take place in view of the audience, and thus, mechanically, created a demand which it did not prove easy to supply. Doubles of Mr. Alexander are by no means plentiful. Several actors—notably Mr. George Smith Wright, the well-known mimic and entertainer, Mr. Applin, and Mr. Gordon, who runs provincial Companies—were spoken of as possibilities, and Mr. Smith Wright, at all events, subjected himself to the



MR. GEORGE SMITH WRIGHT  
AS GEORGE ALEXANDER—  
JOHN CHILCOTE.

Photograph by Bassano.

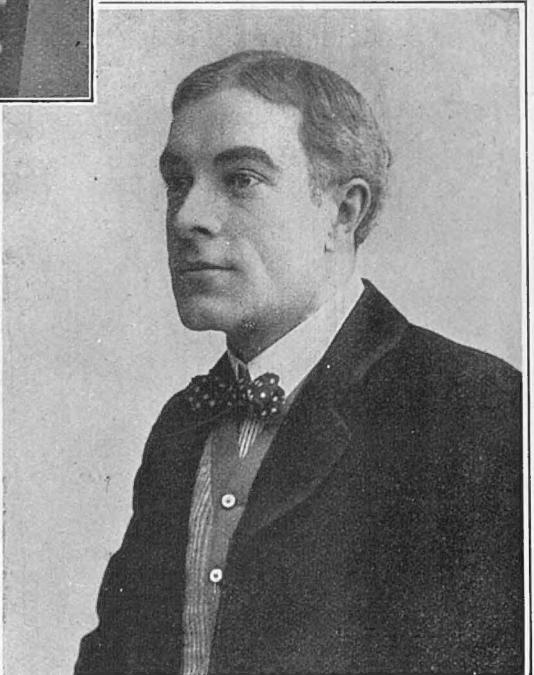
that he might learn its technicalities, and, for some years, he took leading parts in various American Companies, playing, curiously enough, the rôles of villains. Thus it is that he has been engaged for the St. James's. For the greater part of the play, Mr. Alexander will, of course, double the parts of Chilcote and Loder; in the one Scene Mr. Thorold and Mr. Alexander will both appear. The manner in which the doubling is effected is contrived so ingeniously that the moment at which it takes place is not likely to be realised by the audience. Mr. Alfred Sutro's "Mollentrave on Women" will, by the way, be the next production at the St. James's.



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

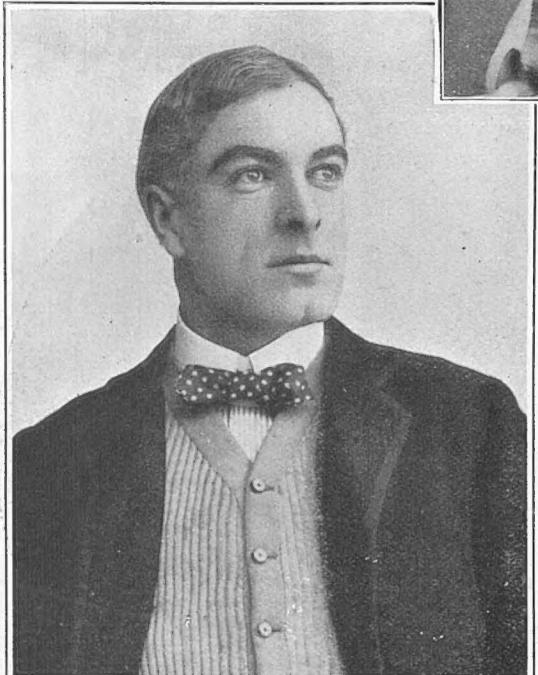
arts of the wig-maker and maker-up in order that, if possible, he might be transformed into the outer semblance of Mr. Alexander, or, more strictly, into the outer semblance of Mr. Alexander as he will appear as the drug-soaked politician. Neither of these gentlemen, however, quite filled the want, for the likeness must be absolute, and there was a fear that the production would have to be postponed more or less indefinitely. Then came the very man, in the person of Mr. W. J. Thorold, the editor and managing-director of the *Smart Set*. Not only is Mr. Thorold, to a remarkable degree, Mr. Alexander's counterpart in real life, but he has an additional advantage in that he has been an actor. His ambitions as a dramatist—he is the author of "Near the Throne," a costume drama now in its third successful year in America—early led him to the stage in order



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S DOUBLE:

MR. W. J. THOROLD, WHO WILL DOUBLE THE POPULAR ACTOR-MANAGER IN "JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.", AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Photograph copyrighted by the "Daily Chronicle."



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S DOUBLE:

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Photograph copyrighted by the "Daily Chronicle."

## MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S DOUBLE IN "JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P."



MR. W. J. THOROLD, WHO, IN ONE SCENE OF MR. THURSTON'S ADAPTATION OF HIS WIFE'S NOVEL, WILL PLAY JOHN CHILCOTE TO MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S LODER, JOHN CHILCOTE'S DOUBLE.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS MR. THOROLD WITHOUT MAKE-UP. [SEE THE PRECEDING PAGE.]

*Photograph copyrighted by the "Daily Chronicle."*

## MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

ONE is grateful to General Mistchenko for introducing into the daily Press some items of war-news that are calculated to stir the imagination. Thundering at the gates of a fortress does little enough to impress readers who are many thousands of miles away; we have no certain knowledge of the action of heavy guns, and no artist can devise a drawing that shall give us at once a picture of besieger and besieged. Distance forbids. But a cavalry foray excites us all. We know something of what it means; our experience has given us a tolerable foreground, and our imagination fills in a background that, whether it be true or false, suffices. Then, too, we have seen for ourselves what the Cossack cavalry can do in the way of riding—those of us who do not know Russia have seen the cinematograph pictures, and these have recorded cavalry-work under the walls of Mukden itself. Moreover, a cavalry officer is ever one of the world's picturesque figures, and the Russian uniforms are quite becoming. So we may enjoy the vivid story of cavalry raids, not the less when we reflect that entrenched infantry can be relied upon to render nugatory the most brilliant forays that General Mistchenko and his colleagues can devise.

*Exit M. Combes.* Though "Father Combes" has fallen from his high estate and has succumbed at last to the repeated attacks of a lively and unscrupulous Opposition, his work will be considered favourably by the people of France in time to come. One thought that Waldeck-Rousseau was the strong man and that his sceptre must fall into nerveless hands. In point of fact, the reverse was the case. M. Combes went much farther than his predecessor in the painful but necessary work of rooting out clerical influences from the State, and, even if he has paid the penalty that awaits excess of zeal, there will be no need to do his work over again. It is curiously interesting to read the abuse that has been showered upon him by the clerical party in the light of the actions of this same party when it was in power. After the scorpions used by the political clericals, the whips of "Father Combes" were comparatively stingless. The fallen Minister will, of course, be torn to pieces by the boulevard Press, but his policy will not be reversed. The late Sir William Harcourt's Death Duties were denounced by the Opposition, but the Act was not repealed when they came into power.

*Here and There.* I have been reading with interest the case of the German privates who disarmed a drunken Corporal. The Corporal had insulted a woman, and when the privates intervened to protect her he drew his sword. He was disarmed, and the soldiers who ventured to commit a technical assault upon their superior officer were sentenced to five years' penal servitude, now reduced, in face of an outcry throughout Germany, to eighteen months. At the same time, I read that an ill-used man of colour serving on a British merchantman wearied of the mate's brutality and, in a fit of sudden

passion, killed him. For this he has suffered a few days' imprisonment. Naturally enough, some disciplinarians of the old school are aghast at the Jury's attitude towards the ex-prisoner, but I suppose most of us think he did no more than was almost inevitable. The two cases, read together, show the contrast between the British and German attitudes towards discipline. Each nation must maintain its discipline and must save authority from anarchy, but the common-sense view of justice still animates the man in the English street. Germany is waking up—the reduction of the soldiers' sentence shows that; but she is not fully awake, or they would not be serving a term of eighteen months' imprisonment.

*Architectural Vigilance.* I did not expect to see any measure of success attending the protest made by the Architectural Vigilance Society in connection with the new façade for Victoria Station. The Directors' reply that contracts had been signed already was, of course, final. But the protest was a useful one, and reminds the citizen who has some regard for the outward semblance of the capital that a powerful voice is being raised on his behalf and on behalf of those who feel as he does. Who knows but that this century will see the release of the world's greatest city from the thraldom of those who seek to disfigure it in the sacred interests of commerce? If public buildings are to be brought within the area of the public control, we shall be on the road that leads to the establishment of a Ministry of Fine Arts, and such an office will take cognisance not only of the state of the streets, but of the sad fields on either side of our railway lines that have been suffering so long from an overdose of patent medicines.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

"Vat you say? You charge me von shilling and t'ree-pens for ze mut-ton cutlet, and you say he is sheep!"  
"Well, you couldn't 'ardly call it deer, Sir."

DRAWN BY MALCOLM PATTERSON.

The picture drawn by the commissioner is as pitiful as anything that the public has had to read these many years, and we are warned that the articles have been sub-edited very severely, as much that was sent over is too revolting for publication. Certainly the articles make the alien's desire to emigrate seem very reasonable, but they are intended to direct our attention to the dangers of giving these poor creatures house-room. Apparently the proper method of dealing with aliens is to forbid them the hospitality of our shores and leave them to perish under the most shocking conditions that the mind can conceive. I cannot help feeling that anti-alien propaganda might very well be accompanied by some practical suggestion for improving the conditions under which the aliens exist to-day. We boast, as a nation, that we destroyed the slave-trade, but the condition of slaves was never as bad in any country as is the condition of the "undesirable aliens" against whom so many publicists direct their attacks.

*The Alien.* In pursuit of the campaign against the destitute alien, one of the morning papers has despatched a special commissioner to their homes—if such a word may be used in relation to the temporary abiding-place of this human flotsam and jetsam.

## THE GOD OF LOVE AT DRURY LANE.



MISS MARIE GEORGE AS CUPID IN "THE WHITE CAT."

*Photographs by Bassano.*

## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

MR. STEAD'S DISCOURSE—"MRS. DERING'S DIVORCE."

IT was not strange that Shakspere's line, "That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch," came into my mind when listening to Mr. W. T. Stead's recent talk about the drama. Those who have been busying themselves lately concerning the resuscitation of drama are not, perhaps, eagles, nor, indeed, the angels of Pope's modification of the line; but there was a surprising audacity in the promulgation of a scheme for the reform of the stage by the person who had only seen nine plays in his lifetime. According to Mr. Stead, the theatre is shockingly neglected; everybody neglects it. The King, the aristocracy and plutocracy, and even the journalists, are in the indictment. Possibly, in his opinion, the *Era* and the *Stage* neglect it, and, of course, I would agree with him that *The Sketch* allows a painfully restricted space to its dramatic critic. If Mr. S. were to have his way, there would be as many theatres as churches and chapels, and free performances in them once a week, from which it would appear to follow—seeing that a good many persons are needed to present a play, and presumably the players are to be professionals—that a large proportion of the able-bodied population ought to become mummers, managers, scene-shifters, and the like. Enthusiasm is what he demands; enthusiasm is a beautiful thing, but what would happen if all the four classes scourged by him took to building and endowing theatres,

and all who profess to feel an interest in the stage were to rush forward with subscriptions? There would be a boom in building, and, subject to the vagaries of the weather, the importance of the unemployed question would diminish; costumiers would become millionaires, and the attendance at churches and chapels would shrink: but what earthly ground is there for thinking that there would be actable plays or competent players for a tenth of these proposed new theatres? Four Nonconformist sects in this country, alone, have 25,000 chapels between them, and up to 1895 there were 293 religious denominations with buildings certified for worship.

number of cases, the severest critics of a popular movement have been those most deeply in sympathy with its ideas and ideals. The mere thought of a sudden outburst of playhouses by the dozen is calculated to inspire terror in the bosom of anyone not connected with the building trade. I believe that there is nothing like the dearth of competent dramatists and capable players for the existing theatres often suggested by managers, but it is certain that there is no colossal surplus. Probably Mr. Stead errs through being too entirely ignorant of his subject to know how very difficult it is to write an actable play even when unhampered by the duty of aiming at ethical or moral significance. One has to render enthralling during a comparatively long space of time a necessarily conventional entertainment in which the audience takes no part.

Of the moral and ethical significance demanded by Mr. Stead's discourse, "Mrs. Dering's Divorce" possesses nothing; indeed, it is insignificant from every point of view. What is called in the programme "a light comedy" proved to be a somewhat heavy farce. It deals with people, or puppets, not uninteresting, perhaps, to the social reformer, but regarded by him as our entomologists look upon an obnoxious insect. Captain and Mrs. Dering—of what he was Captain, Heaven and I are ignorant—are specimens of the unintellectual, sensual, middle-class creatures who ape the vices of the aristocracy and have little of the graces believed, perhaps fondly, to be found among the real "nobs." They have married one another because they are two handsome creatures with a bond of sympathy in the non-possession of the elementary virtues. They are vulgar enough to believe that it is "good form" to be dishonest. However, she is, at least, a faithful wife. When the crash comes, inevitable result of always spending thirty shillings in the pound, he suggests that she should get a divorce. There is no difficulty, as far as his infidelity is concerned, and little on the point of cruelty, since she has few scruples. She gets her divorce, her case being undefended.

What a flutter there would be if Sir Francis and Mr. Justice Barnes were to think it their duty really to cross-examine petitioners in undefended cases. The cynical may add, What a boon to the Bar, since most of the "undefended" cases would be defended in order to ensure the success of the petitioner. So perjured evidence was given, a divorce obtained, and a year went by. The dramatist, Mr. Fendall, has an idea—quite a capital idea. The contemptible Captain, a good-looking, dashing, charming fellow, in a way, gets engaged to an intellectual, wealthy spinster, who, when she finds he has been divorced, comes to his wife for his character! A grand chance here for a scene of comedy—a grand chance utterly thrown away. The spinster is presented as the grotesque, ugly monster current in common jokes of past times concerning members of the Pioneer Club. The creature is the sort of ugly sister from a "Cinderella" pantomime, so ridiculous as to drag the play down to the lowest level of the legitimate, and it never succeeds in mounting again. It becomes a farce with little action; but there is a flicker of gaiety just towards the close.

Mrs. Langtry shows a gain in technique, but is not the kind of actress for the part of Mrs. Dering, and Mr. Boyne, whilst skilful, is a bit heavy as the Captain. The other characters amount to little, but Mr. Courtenay Thorpe, and Miss Jean Morrison and Mr. F. Hollins, two new-comers, may be mentioned.

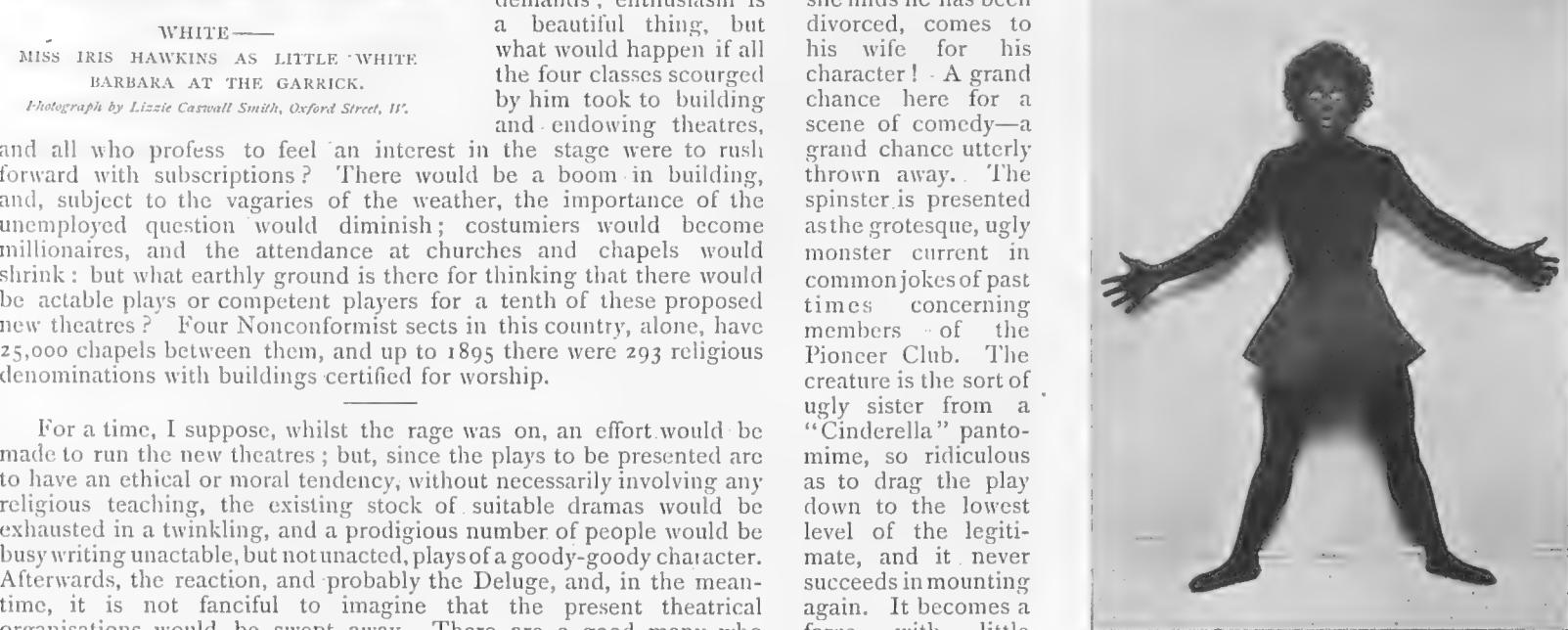
## WHITE—

MISS IRIS HAWKINS AS LITTLE WHITE BARBARA AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

and all who profess to feel an interest in the stage were to rush forward with subscriptions? There would be a boom in building, and, subject to the vagaries of the weather, the importance of the unemployed question would diminish; costumiers would become millionaires, and the attendance at churches and chapels would shrink: but what earthly ground is there for thinking that there would be actable plays or competent players for a tenth of these proposed new theatres? Four Nonconformist sects in this country, alone, have 25,000 chapels between them, and up to 1895 there were 293 religious denominations with buildings certified for worship.

For a time, I suppose, whilst the rage was on, an effort would be made to run the new theatres; but, since the plays to be presented are to have an ethical or moral tendency, without necessarily involving any religious teaching, the existing stock of suitable dramas would be exhausted in a twinkling, and a prodigious number of people would be busy writing unactable, but not unacted, plays of a goody-goody character. Afterwards, the reaction, and probably the Deluge, and, in the meantime, it is not fanciful to imagine that the present theatrical organisations would be swept away. There are a good many who imagine that this destruction of the existing theatre might be a useful clearing of the ground, but even they would think that the procedure had a "roast pig" smell about it and would adopt Peer Gyn's idea that the method of his salvation "was not economical"—a criticism, by-the-bye, that might apply to the rescue of the hero in "The Silver King." No attitude is less agreeable than that of one who is playing the part of a "brake" upon enthusiasm, but we have had too many instances in the world's history of the injury caused by undisciplined enthusiasm, and it would not be extravagant to say that, in a large



## —AND BLACK.

MISS NELLIE BOWMAN AS LITTLE BLACK SAMBO AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

THE "HALLS" FROM THE STALLS.—By FRANK REYNOLDS.



II.—THE MALE IMPERSONATOR.

"AND SPEAK . . .  
WITH A REED VOICE; AND TURN TWO MINCING STEPS  
INTO A MANLY STRIDE."—"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

## THE FUTURE CARLTON FOR BABIES—AS IMAGINED BY JOHN HASSALL



WHEN THE NURSES ARE AWAY!

"An hotel which is to be built in New York is intended exclusively for the use of children. . . . Almost all the servants will be used to hospital work. No child will be taken in without a nurse. The prices range from £16 to £30 a week for two persons." [EXTRACT FROM A DAILY PAPER.]

"THE OYSTER SEASON IS NOW ON!"



"Wot cher, Bill ! Wot's in the wind ?"  
"Hysters, Bob ! Hysters !"

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

## PANTOMIME FAVOURITES IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.



MISS MABEL THORNE, ROBIN HOOD IN  
"THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT  
THE MANCHESTER PALACE.



MISS MARIE CAMPBELL, GANEM IN "THE  
FORTY THIEVES," AT THE PRINCE OF  
WALES'S, BIRMINGHAM.



MISS RUTH LYTTON, ARISTO IN "THE WHITE CAT,"  
AT DRURY LANE.



MISS  
MILLIE  
LINDON,  
THE  
PRINCE IN  
"CINDER-  
ELLA"  
AT THE  
PRINCE'S,  
MANCHES-  
TER.



MISS HYLDA DUGDALE, MAID MARIAN IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD,"  
AT THE MANCHESTER PALACE.

*Four photographs by Guttenberg, Manchester.*

## THE IDEAL PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT IN WOMAN.—ACCORDING TO SANDOW.



MISS MAUDE ODELL, FORMERLY LADY-DEMONSTRATOR OF THE "SANDOW SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT," WHO, IT IS CLAIMED BY MR. SANDOW, IS PERFECT FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT.

*Photographs by the Wykeham Studio, Baltham, S.W.*

## TAKEN UNAWARES: WELL-KNOWN PIGEON-SHOTS AT MONTE CARLO.



SIR THOMAS FREAKE.



MR. WATSON.



HON. ROBERT BERESFORD



M. PACCARD.



MR. MACKINTOSH.



COUNT GAJOLI.



HON. F. ERSKINE.



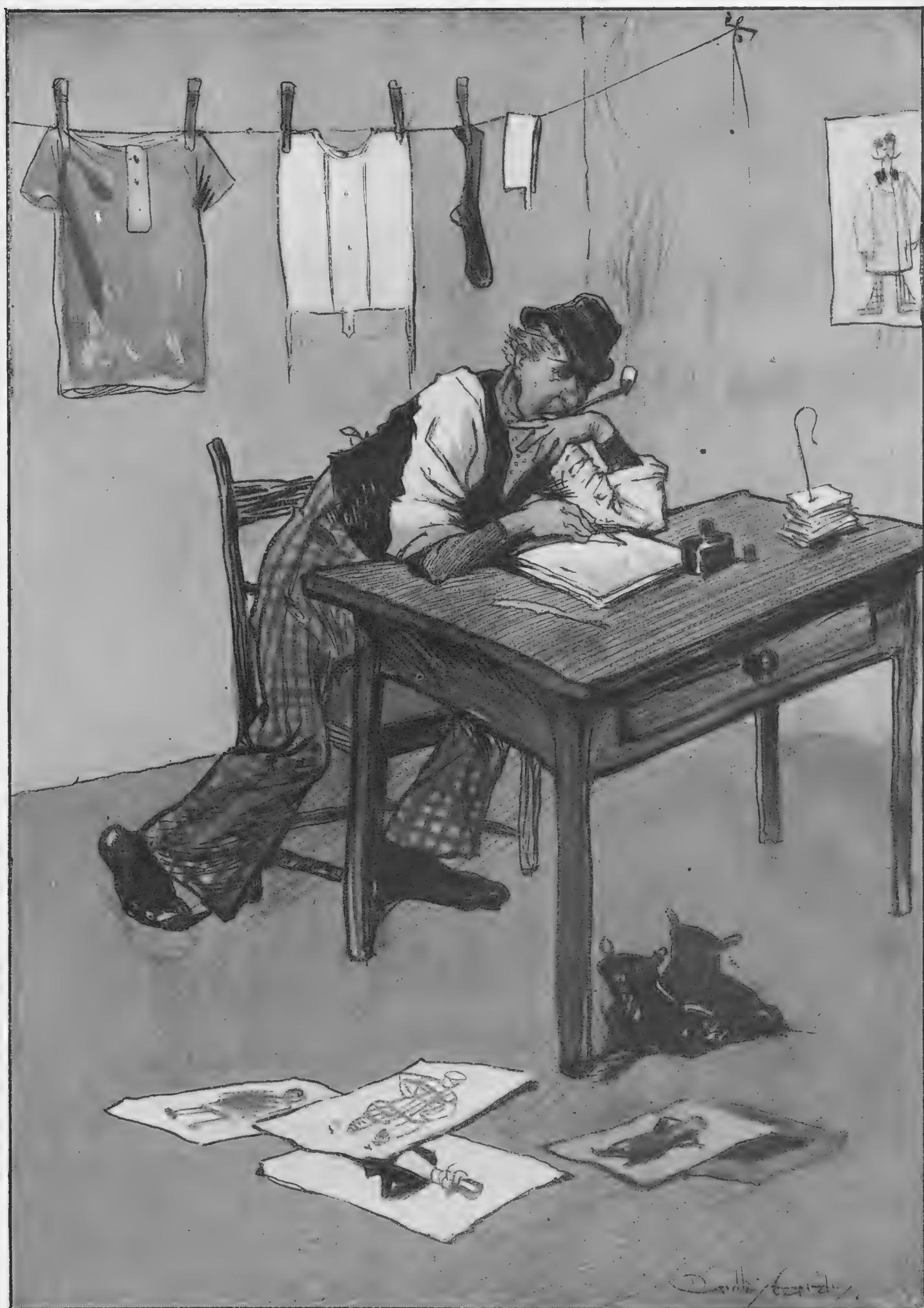
HON. F. THELLUSSON.



MR. F. H. ROBERTS.



MR. EASTON (MR. ROBINSON).

*Advertisements Illustrated. By Dudley Hardy.*

IX.

"TO GENTLEMEN.—'HOW TO DRESS, BY ONE WHO KNOWS.' FOR FULL PARTICULARS SEND SIX STAMPS. NO CALLERS—"

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

M R. LAURENCE HUTTON'S autobiographical papers contain some interesting reminiscences of his experience as an autograph-collector, and a person "much exposed to authors." Among the most trying of begging-letters he reckoned those accompanied by printed books, generally with presentation inscriptions. The authors usually ask for a published review, or a personal acknowledgment, with some criticism of the work and some kindly advice for future guidance. It need hardly be said that in many cases such a response, especially with the writer's autograph, would be worth twice as much as the gift itself. Other modest persons will write to an author for specimens of autograph-letters he has received and preserved from those of his personal friends who have gone to that land from which no letters or messages are sent. There are brigands among autograph-hunters. To a certain Club to which he belonged a well-known author presented once a complete set of his printed books, writing in each of the volumes his own name, with an appropriate sentiment. Shortly after his death, the librarian of the Club found that some monster had mutilated many of the presentation copies by cutting out the sentiments and the signatures. The instrument used in each case was a very sharp one and it was applied invariably in the same expert manner.

In a very bad case of autographic brigandage the young relative of a well-known artist was the villain. The artist was a man of unusually interesting personality. When he died, his enterprising young relative proposed to prepare a memoir, and wrote to all the artist's friends for characteristic letters, not too confidential, which might be published in the volume. The letters were freely given, but the memoir was never published nor written, and the letters were sold for the benefit of the young man! One of his most unfortunate victims, six thousand miles away from the Metropolis, received a dealer's catalogue advertising a number of exceedingly fine examples which were written to him—with that fact mentioned, of course. He thus appeared in the ignominious position of having sold for money what no money could have bought, and he never obtained redress.

In the United States Sir Henry Irving's autograph is much valued, and, as Sir Henry almost invariably dictates to his manager or his secretary, the autograph is not very common. One little story is worth telling. The recipient of a Post Office notice that a foreign book from an unknown source awaited his personal application and the payment of legal fees called for it in due season. At the clerk's window he remarked that he was willing to wager fifty cents that the book was not worth the fifty cents charged for it. The official replied that he would give fifty cents for the wrapper! The piece of brown paper contained in his own handwriting the name of Henry Irving.

I am much attracted by the title of Mr. C. F. Keary's forthcoming novel, "Bloomsbury." It is to be a study of that interesting quarter in London. If Mr. Keary can succeed in unveiling its life as well as Mr. Gissing succeeded with Tottenham Court Road and Camden Town, he will do us a service. Much of the best intellectual life in London still centres in Bloomsbury, and it was a favourite notion of Sir Walter Besant that people would yet return from the suburbs to the comfortable old houses in the squares so near the heart of things and so specially near the best collections of old books and new. Mr. Keary never writes a trivial book.

The new book which Messrs. Methuen are about to publish on William Bodham Donne and his friends ought to be very interesting.

Donne was most intimate with the whole Fitzgerald circle, including Mrs. Kemble and Bernard Barton, Fitzgerald's father-in-law. He was much loved by all of them, and he had points of contact with a wider circle.

A large number of authors, some of them known to all the world, and some of them unknown to me at any rate, have been protesting in the *Standard* against the present copyright agreement between this country and the United States. There is a real grievance, though I am not enamoured of some proposed remedies. What seems to be forgotten is that the copyright law, such as it is, was gained with very great difficulty, mainly by the efforts of some Americans, of whom Mr. G. H. Putnam, the publisher, was the most prominent. Mr. Putnam's excellent literary journal, the *Critic*, has been protesting pathetically against the light manner in which Mr. Howell has treated the subject in his *Harper's Magazine* article. The fact is that it would be very easy to lose all the advantage we have gained. Most certainly, a policy of retaliation would end the arrangement, and British authors would be as they were in the old

days. This would be a calamity of the first magnitude. If Dickens and Thackeray—to mention no more—had received their royalties on American sales, their anxieties would have been immeasurably lessened, and we should have had more of their best work.

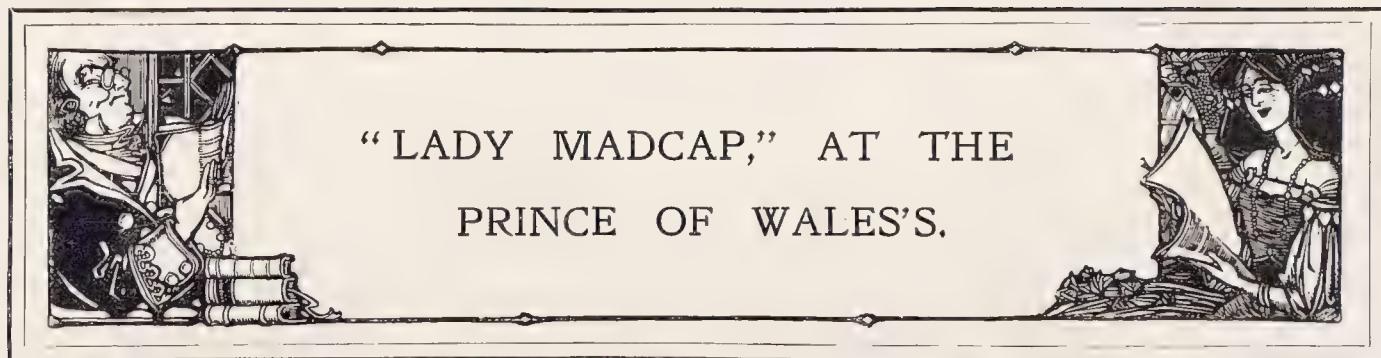
By the change English publishers have gained little or nothing. By the transaction a very large number of English authors can gain nothing. Americans, to speak plainly, do not want their work on any terms. They are not buying English books as they used to do, and it may be predicted, with considerable confidence, that they will more and more supply their own literature. The writers most concerned are very popular novelists, of whom there are but a few, and contributors to periodicals. The wise course is to take an attitude of sweet reasonableness, present the admitted grievance in courteous terms and without threats, and leave the issue to the justice and the goodwill of the American people.

O. O.



THE FASHION IN MAGICIANS: PROFESSOR JINKS MOVES WITH THE TIMES.

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.



COUNT DE ST. HUBERT (MR. MAURICE FARKOA) ARRIVES AT EGBERT CASTLE, AND TAKES GWENNY HOLDEN (MISS DELIA MASON) FOR LORD FRAMLINGHAM'S DAUGHTER, LADY BETTY.

*Photograph by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.*

## “LADY MADCAP,” AT THE PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE

Photographs by the Stage Pictorial



Colonel Layton (Mr. Leedham Bantock) singing "The Boot and the Beetle."



Lord Framlingham's butler, Palmer (Mr. R. St. George) is got rid of by means of a false telegram.

Lady Betty's maid, Susan (Miss Eva Sandford)

Lady Betty descends from the room in which

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

orial Publishing Company.



'The second verse of "The Boot and the Beetle".

Lady Betty Clarridge—"The Madcap"  
Miss Adrienne Atigarde telling her friend  
Gwenay Holder (Miss Delia Mason)  
that she must be Lady Betty  
for the time being.



Mr G. P. Huntley  
"butting."

Lord Framlingham (Mr Herbert Sparling) gives  
his parting injunctions to Lady Betty.

Miss Adrienne Atigarde as "Lady Madcap."

in which she has been locked up.

"LADY MADCAP," AT THE  
PRINCE OF WALES'S.

PG



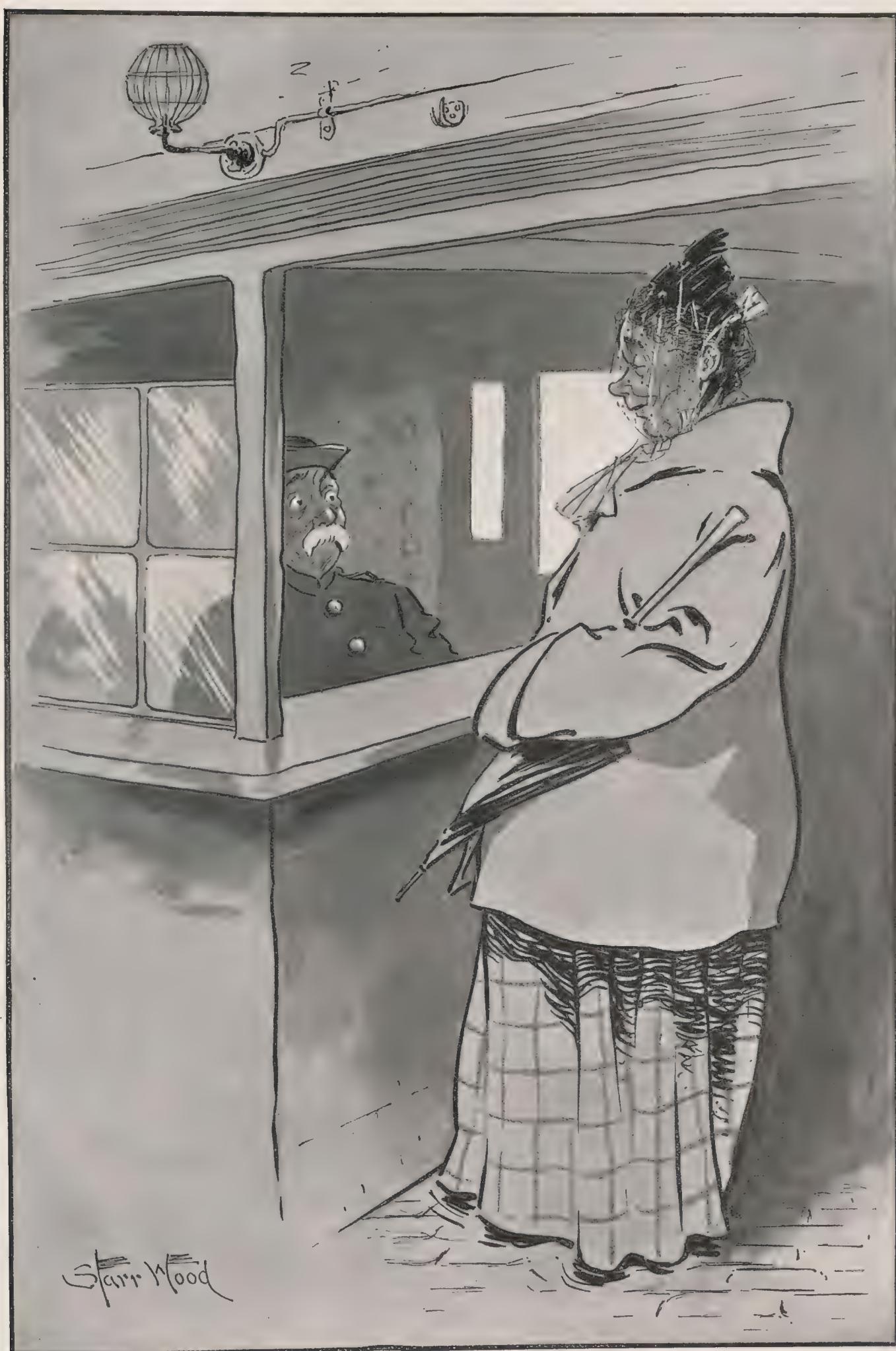
MRS. LAYTON (MISS BLANCHE MASSEY) DIVIDES HER ATTENTION—AND HER DOG—BETWEEN MAJOR BLATHERSWAITE (MR. DENNIS EADIE) AND LIEUTENANT SOMERSET (MR. SPENCER TREVOR)



A DAINTY OCTETTE SUNG BY THE TALL LACQUEYS AND THE LITTLE MAIDS: "THIS YEAR, NEXT YEAR, NOW, OR NEVER?"

*Photographs by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.*

## MR. ALEXANDER'S SEARCH FOR A DOUBLE: A POSSIBLE SEQUEL.



THE STAGE-DOORKEEPER: An' what can I do for you?

THE APPLICANT: Do, young man! Run in an' ask Miss Stud'olme an' Gertie Millar if they wants a double. I 'm told I 'm like both of 'em!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY'S RETURN TO THE STAGE AFTER HER LONG ABSENCE.



I. LYDIA LANGUISH IN "THE RIVALS."  
4. BAZILEDE IN "FOR THE CROWN."

3. ROSA IN "THE BLACK TULIP."

2. LADY TEAZLE IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."  
5. RENÉE IN "UNDER THE RED ROBE."

MISS EMERY IN SOME OF HER MOST FAMOUS PARTS.

*Photographs by Window and Grove.*

A CHANGE OF STAGE FOR MISS WINIFRED EMERY.



MISS WINIFRED EMERY,

WHO IS PLAYING BEATRICE TO MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S BENEDICK IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

*Photograph by Window and Grove.*

"BUTTERFLIES IN FAIRYLAND" AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.



"THE GARDEN OF LIFE": THE LIVING STATUES.



HEIDENREICH'S FLYING BALLET: AN EFFECTIVE TABLEAU.

*Photographs by Campbell-Gray.*

A NOVEL  
IN  
A NUTSHELL.

“SIR HEADSTRONG’S  
ENGAGEMENT.

By “DRUSO.”

SIR HENRY SILVERING was a man of immense purpose and little fulfilment; indeed, his intention to do or to die and his inability ever to accomplish were so well known that he was playfully called “Sir Headstrong,” not only by his intimate friends and enemies, but by the very servants in the houses where he visited. Very possibly no man had ever, at his age—which was twenty-six—commenced so many imposing undertakings with an unmistakable note of determination in his manner and allowed them to gently flicker out when he was satisfied that there was a remote possibility of their ultimate success. Yet he had the alert, self-assured eyes of a man who accomplishes; and, in regard to his personal appearance, if he had been advanced in years, Sir Henry might have been pointed out as one of those peculiarly English types of men who have seen everything, killed everything, endured everything; and he would have had, all things being equal, an impaired constitution and shiny cheek-bones.

At this moment Sir Henry Silvering was sitting at a dining-table in his Club, opposite his downright and unmistakably common-sensed friend, John Boldero. Sir Henry had just made one of his sudden and wholly unexpected announcements, and, with narrowed lids, he was regarding the first development of ash at the point of a cigar.

“The deuce you are!” exclaimed John Boldero, bluntly.

“Yes—marry,” repeated Sir Henry. “And then I shall go into Parliament, take up agriculture, revive the British farmer, undersell the American market, and knock the Fiscal fizzle on the head.”

“But when do you go to Monte Carlo for the spring, New York for the summer, and Japan to see the snow?” asked his friend, reiterating the programme of the preceding week.

“My dear chap, I do wish you wouldn’t be so narrow,” protested Sir Henry. “You don’t seem to grasp the idea that the small things in life must be swept on one side by the big. What’s Monte, what’s America, compared to a grand idea—something that gives backbone to the country; some—?”

“Harry! you’ve invented another submarine that won’t float without an air-ship on the conning-tower?” suggested Boldero, smiling at him indulgently.

“What on earth has that got to do with the question?” asked Sir Henry, preevishly, while he screwed himself sideways on his chair.

“I was only trying to jump with your colossal brain. Then you really mean that you’re going in for that awful domestic upheaval known as ‘settling down’?”

Sir Henry cut a piece of bread by his plate in halves with great decision. “I’m going to marry,” he stated once more, with corresponding determination.

“Who is she?” inquired Boldero, looking at him keenly.

“She is one of Nature’s ladies,” pronounced Sir Henry, with beautiful reverence.

Boldero laid his cheek upon his arm and groaned, for these were the very words that Sir Henry had used three years ago, when he all but carried through his purpose of robbing a great London terminus of one of its most ornamental barmaids.

“And where is her—her place of business?” asked Boldero, with a broad grin.

Sir Harry drew himself up with an air of wounded dignity.

“Sorry, old chap—I meant, where did you meet her?” corrected his friend.

“I can see her now,” began Sir Harry, in a tender soliloquy.

“Great Scott, man; but where?”

“It was on Saturday” (he was speaking on the evening of Monday); “I was shooting at Mannington’s—”

“My dear Harry,” broke in Boldero, bending forward, “Muriel Mannington! Congratulations. Let’s go into the smoking-room and drink them.”

Sir Henry winced, and put up his hand admonishingly. “Boldero, I do wish, for Heaven’s sake, you wouldn’t jump so,” he said, pettishly. “Lady Muriel is an excellent girl, but I could never think of marrying her. She is ready moulded; I must have a wife who has learnt in my

school of thought, who can begin with me to grasp the great possibilities of life and fight them through hand-in-hand by my side.”

“You’re not going to marry one of the Bishop of Cranchurch’s girls!” exclaimed Boldero, in astonishment.

“Is it like me to do a commonplace thing of that kind?” asked Sir Henry. “No,” he continued, with rising heroics; “the girl who is to be my wife is young, open-minded, innocent, seventeen, beautiful—Jack, if you could have seen her, as I did, leaning against a tree in the wood,

her golden hair against the brown shadow—she lives there, in the wood; her father—her father is a bailiff.” Boldero groaned again. “You may jeer, Jack,” the champion proceeded, “but you haven’t seen her—so different from all the girls with tricks we have to meet. Think of it, Jack: for five generations the Shellys have lived in the Mannington woods communing with Nature.”

“Oh, I say, Harry, old chap! Just come down to earth for a moment and talk sense,” interrupted Boldero, brutally. “Now you’d better put the matter in square language. You were out shooting at Mannington’s place on Saturday, and you saw the bailiff’s girl with her hair down—no doubt, it had been washed—in the big wood; you had one of your—your amorous spasms, chucked away the sport, made an ass of yourself—which you have done once or twice before—and now you’ve got hopelessly muddled between regenerated agriculture and the King Cophetua and the beggar-maid business. Come down, man; come down, and break out into something less dangerous; invent a new Service rifle—any mortal tomfoolery you like but tying yourself to an interesting rural brat for the rest of your life.”

Sir Henry rose with a stiffness of deportment unknown among the accomplishments of most young men of the present day. But, excepting in regard to his ties, his hats, and his coats, he was quite unlike his contemporaries.

“Good-night,” he said, with a crisp intonation.

“My dear fellow!” exclaimed Boldero, rising also.

Sir Henry Silvering turned his back and walked towards the door.

“I say!” called Boldero.

Sir Henry motioned with dignity to the clerk at the desk that his bill should follow him.

John Boldero whistled softly, raised his eyebrows, and sat down again.

Lord and Lady Mannington did not more than smile when Sir Henry Silvering arrived suddenly in their village, and, in a spirited burst of confidence, confided in Mannington his intention towards the bailiff’s daughter. Lady Muriel smiled also when the news was passed on to her; the Vicar smiled when the information was confidentially imparted to him, and the local actor laughed outright when the Vicar made an exception in his trust in favour of that useful professional gentleman. The smiles may be accounted for by the fact that those who knew Sir Henry were familiar with his strong points.

Ostensibly, Sir Henry’s visit to Mannington was for the purpose of studying the practical side of agriculture previous to attacking the cause of its decay; and, characteristically, he went at the business root and branch, and no metaphor is intended by the expression. On the first morning after his advent to the “Green Man,” the young man was to be seen in a rough furrow behind a plough, aiming steadfastly, with set teeth, at a piece of paper set on a stick at the opposite side of the field. The small crowd of villagers, who watched the billowy movements of the plough as it tacked and slewed diagonally across the land, pronounced it “won’erful,” and no one could have gainsaid them. In a few hours’ time the field looked remarkably as though it had been trenched for military operations, and Sir Henry himself took so much rich soil back to the “Green Man” on his own person that he could not divest himself of his leggings without the use of a spade.

Upon the second day of his stay the enthusiast went into the woods with an abnormal axe, and, taking up a position well in sight of the ancestral home of the Shellys, executed some marvellous,



herculean feats, with one eye upon the dimity curtains of the cottage window. Immediate wooing being outside his calculations, he, nevertheless, hoped in this way to bring himself nearer the heart of the lovely wood-maiden. At length, overcome by his exertions, and having badly bruised a number of trees, he strode homeward to the village, where he met the Vicar, who shook him warmly by the hand, and hid a smile in an ample pocket-handkerchief.

"Well, Sir Henry, so you're going back to the land, I hear," the Vicar remarked pleasantly. He saw so few people that he usually employed the phrases of the morning paper.

The young man looked at him earnestly, his thoughts running otherwise.

"Ah, Breamish! I should like to have your opinion: what do you think of marriage?" he asked, anxiously.

"My dear sir, marriage—marriage is a problem," replied the Vicar, and the tone of his voice left no hope of its solution.

Sir Henry felt the edge of his axe with a professional touch. "There are many things I hope to do, Breamish," he said, contemplatively, "and one of them is to clear away all the narrow conventions that choke off our marriages. We should let our souls go, Breamish; we should not try to dodge the little sportsman's dart with one eye on the *Morning Post*—you see what I mean?"

The Reverend Mr. Breamish was not quite sure that he would have done so if it had not been for the secret confided to him by Lord Mannington. As it was, his long-deadened sense of romance and affinities rekindled at contact with a man who had boldly determined to defy the conventions and accept instructions from his own heart. Involuntarily, he held out his hand.

"My heartfelt wishes for success," he said, fervently.

At that moment Sir Henry was thinking of his axe. "It's very good of you, I'm sure. Well, I must be getting on." He shook Breamish's hand and continued his way.

The Vicar looked after the retreating figure with deep interest. The young man had done him good: all the world was not tainted; he would have his surplice especially ironed, and read the service with the impressiveness of his curate days, if they were married at the Mannington Parish Church.

On the third day of his visit, Sir Henry began to consider actively his schemes for making the transference of the object of his fond hopes to a sphere rather different from that of the Shelly family an easy and natural one. But he realised that he could not very well act alone in this matter without at once declaring himself; and this, by a great effort, he was restraining himself from doing until he had cleaved a way, figuratively speaking, to the heart of his choice, and the girl had grown to love the sight of his stalwart figure hewing the giants of the forest. Without deliberation, he decided that Lady Mannington was the right person with whom to consult, and he acted immediately. Greatly to the disappointment of his precipitous disposition, he found her out. Coming away from the park, however, he met Lady Muriel, with a pair of boisterous spaniels on a leash. They seemed the natural attendants upon her gay-hearted person, but Sir Henry rather resented the presence of all three—they did not in any way accord with his present frame of mind.

"I'm very nearly dragged to death," laughed Lady Muriel, gaily. "Been up to see mother? She'll be awfully sorry to have missed you. Won't you come back? Mother's sure to be home again by five."

"Oh—er—thanks, it's very good of you," began Sir Henry, without his usual readiness; "but it doesn't matter in the least: I only came up to—"

He paused abruptly, and Lady Muriel looked at him.

"Oh, don't mind me!" she cried, smiling; "I'm in the secret, and a most interested party—she was one of my girls, you know."

"Your girls?" queried Sir Henry, uncertainly.

Lady Muriel nodded her head emphatically. "I once had a class on Sunday, you see, and little Eve Shelly used to come—whenever she could not stay away. Oh, you mustn't mind," she went on, seeing the expression of confused discomfort that was overspreading her companion's features; "but she was rather a naughty little thing, and the bad marks against her for bringing toffee into class were appalling at times."

Even if the girl had possessed any desire to disillusionise Sir Henry—which she did not—she would have been proceeding in a futile manner.

He pictured to himself a wayward sprite, and murmured, almost unconsciously, "She is very beautiful."

"She's a jolly, pretty, little thing," continued the girl, heartily.

"Lady Muriel! you really think so?" cried the enchanted Sir Henry.

"No one could help it," replied the girl, frankly. As she spoke,

the spaniels became convinced that there was game somewhere about, and plunged vigorously.

"Let me take them," suggested Sir Henry.

Lady Muriel slipped the leash into his hand, and the spaniels proceeded to tow the young man along at so great a pace that the girl had to proceed between a trot and a run by his side. They travelled in this rather undignified fashion for some distance before either spoke.

"I shall be very glad to do what I can, if you will let me," exclaimed Lady Muriel at length, rather breathless.

"No, will you?" responded Sir Henry, giving a vain tug at the leash. "It—it will help me a lot."

"Dear—dear little Eve!" panted Lady Muriel, breaking into a run again.

Arranging preliminaries in gasps, they arrived at the door of the house, where Lady Mannington had just alighted from her carriage. She was pressed into the conversation, and, despite a very natural and proper feeling of outraged conventionality and many appeals with her eloquent shoulders to the possible view that Society would take of the whole business, fell into harmony with Sir Henry's splendid view that, at the call of love, all men and women should fight their way to the altar, even if the social barriers of the world were composed of six-inch armour-plate.

Lord Mannington, who always appeared at the hour of tea, in order to explain the latest phase of his digestion troubles to anyone who might happen to be present, took the opportunity of buttonholing Sir Henry and trying to induce him to take up Parliament instead of Eve Shelly and an agricultural revival. But he might as well have besought an inebriate to give up drink or a new-made golfer to give up putting on his dining-room carpet. Indeed, the fire and determination of the young man resulted in even the Peer joining the common cause with his wife and daughter, and propounding the theory (as an inspiration of his own) at the County Club that the salvation of the country lay in a new race of enlightened yeomen-farmers, recruited from the bluest available blood and mated with the fine old stock of the land.

It would not be too much to say that, in a roundabout way, fortune "smiled" upon the determinations of Sir Henry; the furrows he ploughed grew less military in pretensions; trees were known to fall unexpectedly in the night from the injuries they received during the day; while Lady Mannington and her daughter were never without suggestions for the future of the still unconscious Eve. In the meantime, Sir Henry's friend and acquaintances in London became speculative in regard to his absence. It was by no means an unusual thing for him to disappear quietly and reappear with the suddenness of a stage "illusion," but never without some interesting and notable result. Already several well-chosen reports had been circulated, when by some means the news began to be spread about that Sir Henry was "marrying his cook, or something of that sort," and it was generally considered that this would prove one of "Sir Headstrong's" finest achievements.

Perhaps the only man who took the matter seriously to heart was John Boldero. He had tried to unearth his friend by several letters, but, as Sir Henry had never been known to use any other form of communication but the telegraph, nothing had resulted.

Eight days after Sir Henry Silvering's departure, Boldero was sitting gathering useless information from an evening paper at his Club, when he experienced a tingling slap on the shoulder. It was not the only cause of his springing from his chair.

"My dear Harry!" he exclaimed, shaking a horny hand and regarding a sun-browned face. "How are you?"

"Splendid—fit—splendid!" pronounced Sir Henry, with a newly acquired agricultural robustness.

"And—er—the lady?" began Boldero, feeling the delicacy of the subject after their last parting.

"Splendid—wonderful—splendid!" cried the enthusiast. "Her people are coming up to town next week," he added, with a grin of delight.

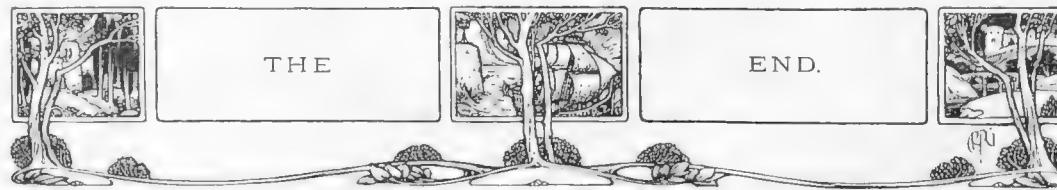
"And Miss—let me see, I don't think I know her name, Harry, do I?" inquired Boldero, cautiously.

"My dear Jack!" exclaimed Sir Harry, in amazement; "why, Muriel, of course—the only Muriel."

"Of course," repeated Boldero, and no one would possibly have known from the tone of voice that he was mentally taking himself by the scruff of his neck and shaking it, as he added, "My hearty congratulations, Harry, old man."

"Let's go into the smoking-room and drink them," gaily suggested Sir Henry.

And this time they went.





SINCE the moment is teeming with innovations, it has, naturally, occurred to Mr. Tree to seize the opportunity for announcing that in the future a certain number of the stalls at His Majesty's Theatre will be sold at seven-and-sixpence, instead of half-a-guinea as hitherto. Again, this is in accordance with views for lowering the cost of theatre-going which have been a good deal discussed for a long time. It is, however, worth noting that, not so very long ago, the idea of two prices in the stalls was actually tried by one of the smaller West-End houses, and it may, therefore, probably claim to have anticipated Mr. Tree.

Only those who saw Miss Viola Tree during the rehearsals of "Much Ado About Nothing" can have any idea of what her disappointment must be in being prevented from acting Hero. Although by no means so relatively dominant a part as Ariel, the humanity of the girl appealed greatly to the young actress, and she was looking forward with much pleasure to her impersonation of the character. Her place, as not only *Sketch* readers but the whole world knows by this morning, was at once filled by Miss Miriam Clements, who, like Miss Tree, scarcely fulfils the Shaksperian ideal of Hero, though the purist might object that, considering the subject, the word "fulfils" is ill-chosen. It is interesting to note that Mr. Tree has never made an actor's physique a matter of paramount importance in casting his parts, for did he not once give Julius Cæsar, who was short, to Mr. Charles Fulton, who is tall, and, later on, to Mr. Murray Carson, who is stout, while Cæsar was thin?

"When they agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful." Those words, which Sheridan wrote in "The Critic," have been by no means infrequently used during the last week, and their spirit has been preserved though their form may have been changed. The remark has been called forth by the phase through which the répertoire theatre is passing. For weeks and months—it would be no exaggeration to say, for years—the cry of certain enthusiasts has been loud in the land for a répertoire theatre. Nobody heeded the cry. Now London seems to be threatened with a deluge of répertoire theatres.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree, ever on the alert to discover means of utilising the inherent force of his enthusiasm and his great capacity for work, has resolved to revert to his old habit at the Haymarket and dedicate Monday evening to the presentation of new plays and the revival of old ones. Not content with this, Mr. Tree seems resolved to advance what may be called the histrionic *entente* by bringing over some of the most famous Parisian players to grace his Monday evenings. Eight performances will, however, continue to be given of "Much Ado

About Nothing," whatever may be the bill at the moment; by adding a Thursday matinée to the usual Wednesday and Saturday ones.

Mr. George Alexander is also bent on the same idea, with revivals of the popular plays which have been produced from time to time at the St. James's Theatre. The list will certainly include "Sunlight and Shadow,"

"The Idler," and

"The Importance of Being Earnest."

Others will, doubtless, be added in due course from among the list of the productions which have helped to give Mr. Alexander his proud position in the theatrical world.

All theatre-goers will join in adding their congratulations to the many which have been showered on Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks on the birth of their little daughter. The congratulations come with redoubled pleasure in consequence of Miss Ellaline Terriss's serious illness and grievous disappointment occasioned by the immediate death of her first baby.

Mr. Otho Stuart's announcement that, when "The Taming of the Shrew" is withdrawn from the Adelphi, he will produce "Hamlet," with Mr. H. B. Irving in the title-part, has naturally been the cause of much comment and not a little retrospect. Everybody expected that, sooner or later, Mr. Irving, with his artistic, mental, and technical endowment, would play the part which was, at one time, so intimately bound up with his father's career, though even in the inner theatrical circles the impression prevailed that it would be later rather than sooner. It would, however, be quite erroneous to suppose, as so many people have supposed, that Mr. Irving will come untried to what used invariably to be spoken of by a certain class of writers as "the blue ribbon of the drama." As a matter of fact, he played Hamlet many times in the provinces when he was a member of Mr. Ben Greet's Répertoire Company. It will be curious to note whether he will reproduce at the Adelphi a certain effective bit of "business" he used to do in the Closet Scene, the (seemingly) accidental putting-out of the candle, by which the stage is lighted, just before the appearance of the Ghost. Much will, however, have come, and possibly may have gone, before we shall see this. Meantime, those who are curious in the matter of coincidences will be interested in the fact that Mr. Irving's first appearance as Hamlet was made in Sunderland, the town in which Sir Henry Irving made his first appearance on the stage.

Meantime, Mr. Martin Harvey announces that, immediately on the conclusion of his provincial tour at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on May 13, he will devote himself to the production in London of "Hamlet," in which, as is now well known, he made his débüt in Dublin a short time ago.

Only a few days ago we heard of the accident to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and now we learn that Sir Charles Wyndham has had the misfortune to be knocked down by a New York tram-car and to dislocate his right shoulder. Fortunately, his hurt was not as severe as that sustained by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and he was able to resume playing within a very short time. At the moment of his mishap, Sir Charles was on his way to the Lyceum Theatre, to which, despite his injury, he managed to continue his journey, with the intention of performing. This, however, was forbidden by the two doctors who were summoned, and the famous actor was removed in an ambulance to his hotel.



THE ONLY AMERICAN INDIAN ACTRESS:  
GO-WON-GO-MOHAWK, WHO IS TOURING IN THIS  
COUNTRY WITH HER OWN PLAY, "WEP-TON-NO-MAH,  
THE INDIAN MAIL-CARRIER."

*Photograph supplied by W. G. Kyle.*



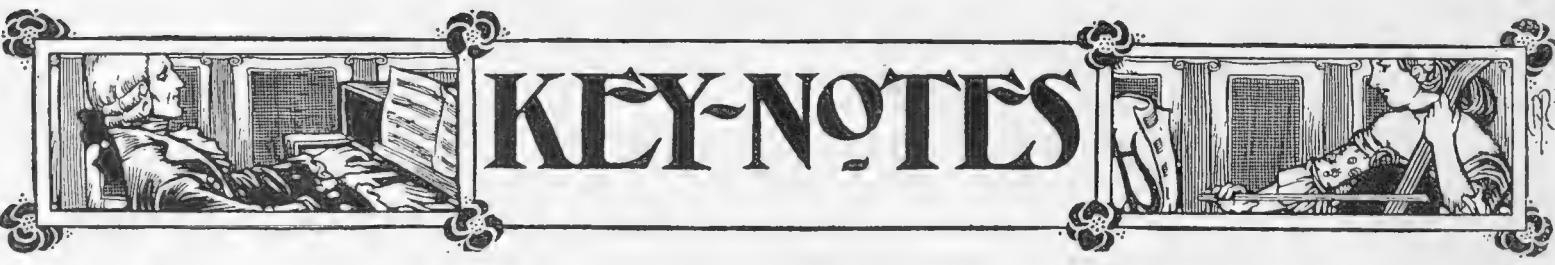
Hugh Ward.

Johnny Danvers.

Fred Eastman.

DRURY LANE COMEDIANS WAITING FOR THEIR CUES:  
MESSRS. HUGH J. WARD (SIMEON), JOHNNY DANVERS (KING IVORY),  
AND FRED EASTMAN (PRINCE PLUMP).

*Photograph by Campbell-Gray.*



# KEY-NOTES

THE Curtius Concert Club, which now holds its musical meetings at the Bechstein Hall, is likely to become one of the great successes among modern things in concert-going. It is strange to remember how many years have passed since, as it may be said, concert-going became something of a classical art, when the Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts were given at the St. James's Hall. There, on various occasions, might have been seen George Eliot, who, in her admiration for the highest class of music, proved once more that her intellectual attainments left practically nothing alone. There also Lord Leighton was used to hear his Joachim and Lady Hallé, when they were at the very summit of their attainments, and many were the distinguished men and women who flocked to hear Beethoven at his best and Mozart at his greatest, to mention but these.

Mr. Schulz-Curtius has hit upon a new idea, though at the same time he has embodied a very far-fetched thought summed up for ever in Mr. Gilbert's phrase concerning the young man who—

... thinks suburban hops  
More fun than Monday Pops. . . .

The young man will probably consider himself, in connection with this Concert Club, very much above the "suburban hops," and all congratulations are due to Mr. Curtius for making his Concert Club a refined and reasonable means of assemblage whereby men may meet together and enjoy music in the most meaning sense of the term.

The one thing which Mr. Curtius has scarcely developed to the utmost possibility seems to be the actual idea of a Club. That strangers should meet in a single concert-room, should listen for a short time to music, and should disperse without any sort of recognition is certainly outside the idea of any Club. And yet it would be difficult in these modern days of extended orchestras, where it seems essential that the multiplication of instruments must necessarily involve the production of a new orchestral work, that anything but the finest judgment could have given us such a performance as we heard at the Bechstein Hall when Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony was performed. Mozart wrote, naturally, for the orchestras of his own time; he knew precisely the effects which he desired to secure; and he was ready, with his most flexible brain, to produce exactly the music which was entirely his own and which was also a product of his own generation. In these days, when the "Jupiter" Symphony is given at Festivals, Leeds, Birmingham, or elsewhere, it is considered that Mozart should have all the so-called advantages of the modern orchestra. The result is that his work is overweighted and that its sheer beauty is not properly recognised by various audiences. At the Bechstein Hall, however, which proves to be exquisitely attuned for orchestral sound, one heard the Symphony played just as the composer had purposed that it should be played. Every detail of the wood-wind, every little significance of the brass, were all combined with the strings to "make a perfect whole." With our modern orchestras, the brass and the strings are so heavy in their complete effect that

the secondary portion of the work is usually treated as matter which does not very seriously enter into the scheme of things.

At the same concert Miss Evelyn Suart took the solo-pianoforte part in Chopin's Concerto for that instrument and orchestra (E Minor, Op. 11). Miss Suart is certainly a clever player, but she clearly did not quite understand Chopin in this particular work. It is a very curious paradox; but the fact remains that many players seem to accept Chopin rather as that which he thought himself to be, than

Chopin as he really was. Miss Suart is one of these. There were moments in the life of that most curious musician when he seemed to struggle against the constant feeling, which was recognised by so many of his friends, that he was something less than virile. On these occasions he made the most frantic efforts to persuade both the public and himself that he wrote strong and intellectual music. Miss Suart proved to us finally (for she is a very good player) that every endeavour to make Chopin a virile player can never be successful.



A PORTRAIT OF MISS MARIE HALL, TAKEN SINCE HER RECENT SEVERE ILLNESS.

Miss Marie Hall, who has quite recovered from her severe illness, will reappear in London at the Queen's Hall on the twenty-first of next month. On that occasion, her programme will consist of works she has not previously played in the Metropolis.

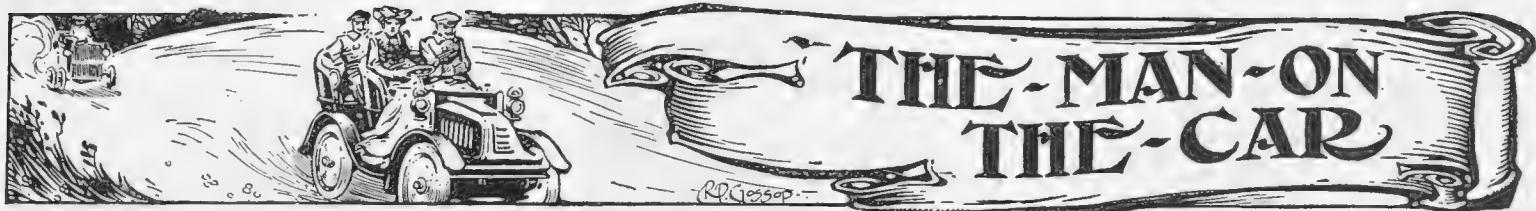
PHOTOGRAPH BY HISTED.

sits at that high table of which Kipling, at his best, sang many years ago—

They take their mirth from the joy of the earth,  
They do not grieve for its pain;  
They know of toil and the end of toil,  
They know God's law is plain.

With something more of an appeal to beauty in art, with a little more privacy of technique, Mr. Holbrooke will finally be reckoned, if he chooses to accept such advice as this, among that new batch of English composers who are beginning to replace the school which died with Henry Purcell, and which has never been revived, despite all the institutions which are reckoned up in a single line of Horace, in that famous Satire in which he dismisses into space the professional men who, as one may quote from the Book of Job, "imagine that wisdom shall die with them."

COMMON CHORD.



*"The First Year's Working of the Motor-Car Act"—The Proper Action when "Held Up"—A Card of "Hints"—A Proposed Steam-Car Club—A Substitution for Side-Doors to the Footboards of Cars.*

A MOST excellent paper was read lately before the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland by a rising young barrister, Mr. A. Moresby White, on "The First Year's Working of the Motor-Car Act." Mr. White has already been concerned with that fighting solicitor, Mr. F. Staplee Firth, in several victorious motor cases, and particularly with the strenuous fights made by the Automobile Club to combat the requests for permission to impose altogether unnecessary ten-miles-per-hour limits upon motor-cars in all sorts of undesirable places. Although numerous appeals have been made by various local authorities for power to impose such restrictions, such power has only been granted in the case of the town of Beverley, and then only over a few yards of street. That these requests have met with the refusal of the Local Government Board in so many cases is due to the prompt action of the Automobile Club, their administrative secretary, Mr. Rees Jeffreys, and their advocate, Mr. Moresby White. But that by the way. I have commented upon this good work because it occurred to me in connection with Mr. Moresby White's name, and because it is being done every day and all day.

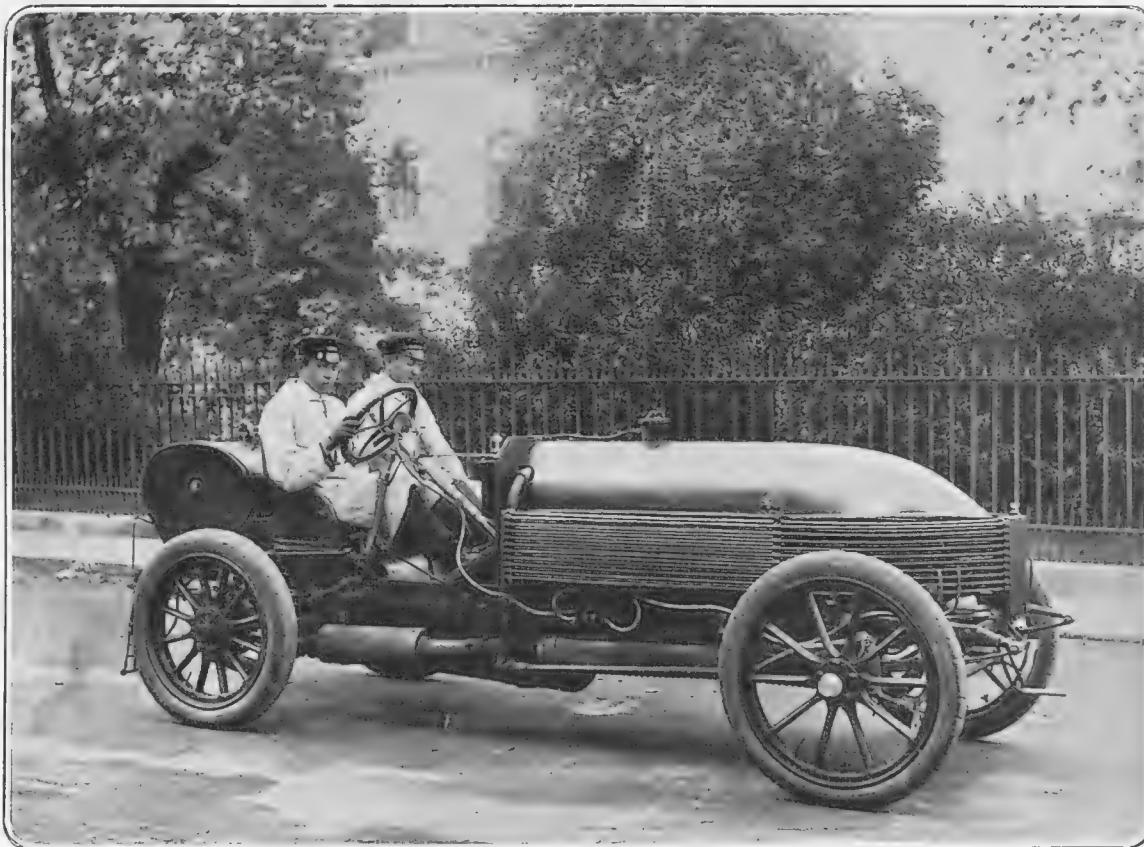
In referring to Mr. White's paper—which is, of course, altogether too lengthy to detail in these columns—I feel I must reproduce some advice he gave his audience in the course of his address as to their action whenever they are unlucky enough to be held up for alleged infraction of the speed-limit or alleged driving to the public danger. Here it is: "When stopped by a policeman, the motorist should inquire if there is a watch, and, if so, should demand to see it, taking care-

ful note of the position of the hands and of the watch itself. Make a written note as soon as possible of the conversation, and particularly as to the presence of traffic on the highway at the time. The wheel-marks of a car left on the road-surface are frequently of great value in proving where the car was. The man who, after being stopped, hurries on without taking some precautions is foolishly throwing away his best chance of defeating the police. To give warning to anyone of a trap is no offence; it is warning a person not to break the law." I believe the opinion of Mr. Horace Avory, K.C., has been taken on this last point, and he gives it that the conviction in Mr. Bernard Redwood's case by the Barnet Bench is absolutely bad in law. It is certainly absurdly ludicrous in common-sense.

A firm of London motor-car manufacturers who, in their own interests, are particularly keen that automobiles should be driven with the utmost consideration for the public send every new car out from their premises with a small card affixed to the dashboard, upon which is printed the following legend—"Instructions to drivers: Passing

cyclists and horse-drawn vehicles, give the maximum space possible. Passing restive horses, use the utmost consideration, even to stopping the engine if necessary, although no hand may have been held up. On narrow parts of roads, cross-roads, corners, and bridges, drive slowly and with caution. Passing through towns and villages and passing roadside résidences, go slowly, so as not to fill houses and cottages and cover gardens with dust, as well as for the safety of the inhabitants and their dogs, &c. Passing pedestrians in wet weather, take care not to splash them." Now the firm that issues that excellent card of instructions suggests that they are reminders for drivers, meaning mechanicians. I make bold to suggest that they may equally well be laid to heart by owners who drive, particularly owners of big, fast cars fitted with large-diameter tyres.

The suggestion that a Steam-car Club shall be formed is by no means a bad one. Steam is looked at askance in these days of petrol majorities, but the older propelling-agent has by no means said its last word with regard to self-propelled passenger cars. No association appeals directly to the steam-car owner, and, if one were floated, I am sure the proprietors of Whites, Serpollets, Miesses, Locomobiles, Chelmsfords, and others, would quickly adhere. Much has been done for the petrol-car by the insistent amateur who would not be denied, as Mr. Worby Beaumont so lately pointed out, but it can hardly be said that the steam-car has profited by amateurish demands, at first pronounced impracticable, but afterwards found quite possible and frequently most beneficial.

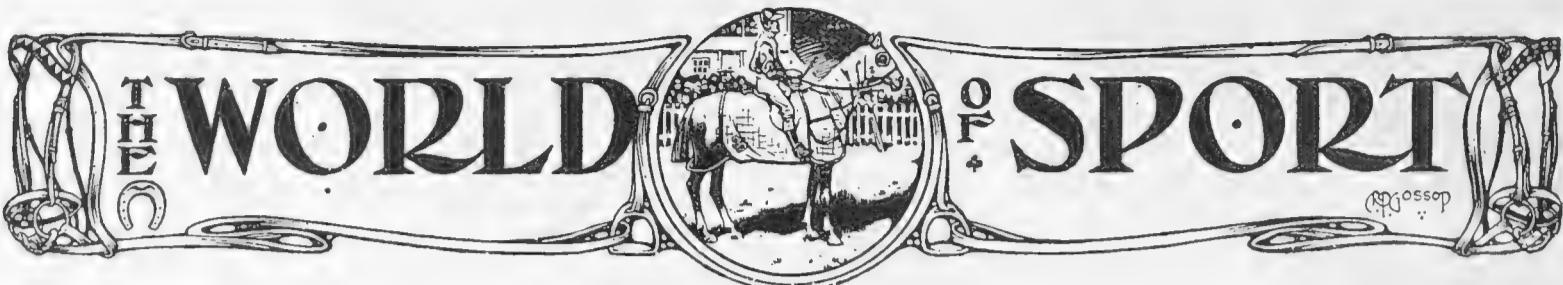


ENTERED FOR THE SELECTION TRIALS FOR THE BRITISH TEAM IN THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP CONTEST:  
A SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER RACING-CAR, MR. ARTHUR MACDONALD DRIVING.

*This car is now in America, where it has gone to compete, under the guidance of Mr. Macdonald, in the Daytona Beach Meeting. On its return, it will go to Nice, and then to the Isle of Man for the Eliminating Trials.*

by the manufacturers. The steam-car wants more of the amateur's insistence, and a Club of steam-car users is a very good means of bringing a vivid light to bear on the question.

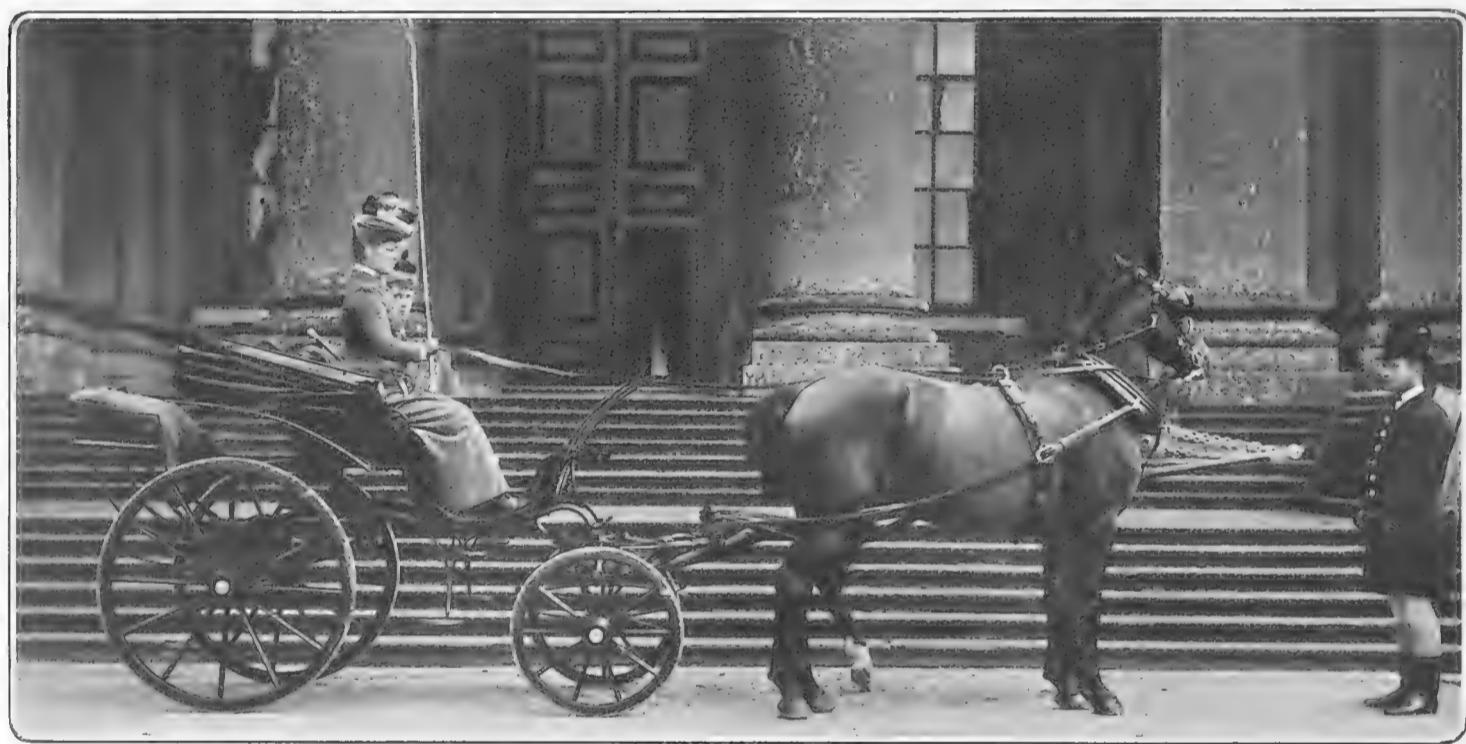
Lack of side-doors to the footboards of motor-cars can, in some measure, be compensated for by the use of foot-sacks—at least, as far as the passenger's person is concerned. They should be made of some kind of fur, and built with high back and sides to keep out the draught. If the feet and legs, particularly the feet, are kept warm when motoring, that is more than half the battle. Motoring in such keen, sharp weather as obtained last week is most enjoyable if only warmth is maintained, and this can only be done by paying particular attention to one's motoring outfit. The very warmest wear for the hands is a pair of fairly loosely-fitting silk gloves worn inside a pair of stiff, gauntletted, fingerless, fur gloves. Further, it is quite a mistake to leave the ears uncovered when driving at speed through the frosty, biting air, and still more a mistake not to wear well-ventilated but, nevertheless, good-fitting goggles. Properly equipped against the cold, there is nothing so exhilarating in the world as winter motoring.



*The Weights—Conditions—Luxury—Australian Star.*

WE shall not have long to wait now for the work of the handicappers over the big events of the spring. It is generally believed that Ypsilanti will be top-weight for the Lincoln Handicap, but the sharps contend that he is not much in front of his stable-companion, Hackler's Pride. St. Amant and Whitechapel are street-corner fancies, and Best Light is expected by the men of observation. His Majesty may once more win the Grand National with Ambush II., if the Messrs. Topham do not overweight him. The horse is going great guns in his work. Delaunay is very likely to become a warm favourite for the City and Suburban, for which Queen's Holiday is fancied by many of the knowing ones. As Ypsilanti won the Jubilee last year with 9 st. 5 lb., it is difficult to see how he could be handicapped out of the race this year, but paper certainties do come undone sometimes. Romer and Nabot are very likely to run well over this course, while Palmy Days, if let in with an equitable

motoring, and otherwise living in the lap of luxury. Sir T. Dewar once told us that the jockey came first in racing, the trainer next, the public next; and then the owner had a look-in. I wonder how many people outside the trainers, jockeys, and bookmakers could afford to travel in foreign parts out of their Turf earnings in 1904. I know of one or two professional punters who did well, but no one else. The question of "Kitty" is one that is just now affecting all the real supporters of the Turf, and can it be that the makings of the trainers and the jockeys are the cause of the falling-off in the spring entries? I did not know until very recently that it was necessary to employ secretaries, valets, and butlers to be successful as a trainer. The motor-car and the carriage-and-pair may be necessary to those who want to give their money a run, and yet I seem to remember that the old cob was good enough for the late William Goater and the late Alex Taylor, both successful trainers.



A HORSE-LOVING PEERESS: LILY, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

*Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.*

weight, would make a respectable show. We may see Santry running for the Queen's Prize at Kempton. This horse now belongs to Mr. J. Buchanan, who has of late invested many thousands in the purchase of bloodstock.

We get so many objections that the time has arrived to appoint a Simplification Committee, under both sets of rules, to frame race-headings that can be understood by ordinary mortals. The Conservative candidate for Newmarket, Mr. G. H. Verrall, who is also a well-known racing official, has a weakness for drawing up lengthy conditions, some of which take twenty or thirty lines to explain; but in these days, when the newspapers teach the reading public that the short and pithy paragraph is the thing, conditions by the foot are unpopular. So far, so good; but, in the absence of reform in the direction suggested, I do think that all objections for infringements of conditions should be laid before the start of any race, and I take it this would have to be done if the ruling powers took any notice of betting. It is absurd to allow a horse to run and win a race when he cannot get the prize, and, what is ten times worse, the poor backers must lose their money, while they have no chance of winning. If the Committee of the Newmarket Rooms declared all bets void when a horse was disqualified through wrong entry it would help backers a little.

I am reading every day of trainers going to the East or to the Sunny South to recuperate, while the fashionable jockeys are hunting,

Mr. Spencer Gollan, who recently helped to save some drowning men in the Thames, is a well-known sportsman. He reached the height of his ambition when Moiffa won the Grand National last year, and it is just on the cards that the horse may go close again this year. The best horse, and the most popular with the public, that Mr. Spencer Gollan owns is Australian Star, who has won big hurdle-races and flat-handicaps, including the City and Suburban. A Colonial sport recently related to me the story as to how this horse came to be named. It seems, a paper of the name had said something unpleasant about Mr. Spencer Gollan, who went to the proprietor and told him that, as an act of revenge, he would name his weakest and most unlikely yearling after his paper, which accounts for Australian Star bearing the name he does. The horse may have been an ugly duckling, but he is a handsome horse now, and his action when cantering to the post always draws a cheer.

CAPTAIN COE.

As is natural in one who was the devoted wife of the late Lord William Beresford, Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, has always been devoted to horses and to every form of country life. The Deepdene, the historic Surrey estate where she has now lived for many years, is famed for its stables, and the Duchess has the benefit of the advice, in these masculine matters, of her brother-in-law, Lord Marcus, perhaps the best judge of a horse in the kingdom. Her Grace has become quite an Englishwoman, though she often entertains American friends at The Deepdene.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

A SENSE of humour is undoubtedly a saving gift of the gods, and not every woman is possessed thereof. To be the mould of fashion is not always to reflect the mirror of form, and some ambitious souls, in their desire to be first in the field of frills and furbelows, strike a serio-comic note in costume that is very trying to the risible faculties of their friends. A convulsing case in point

removed from the face of London streets and the coster's overwrought donkey will be no more.

We in England, accustomed to take philosophically those things that happen across-Channel, hardly realise the tragedies that have been enacted under the rule of M. Combes, and, beyond a passing regret at the decreasing quantity of green and yellow Chartreuse, or a pang of sympathy with the monks of the old monastery turned out after centuries of useful and blameless administration, regard with equanimity the outrages perpetrated against all religion and religious belief of late years in France. "I have closed fourteen thousand religious schools," the ex-Prime Minister boasts; "and opened up the alternative of unbelief, Free-thinking, Atheism, and the inevitable Socialism and anarchy that follows," he might have truly added.

"I will separate Church and State," continues this iconoclast of seventy years, and straightway is himself separated from the autocratic exercise of that power he abused so widely. "Rising up to condemn him," as Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P., reminds us, "is the whole class of serious, sober-minded, religious people whose children have been deprived of an education beloved of the French nation for generations." Poor France! With such pilots on the bridge, such barber-surgeons at her arteries, the *couver-feu* has indeed been rung over the sacred fires that have been alight for all the centuries. But if the fragrant liqueurs of the monasteries have been suppressed with their makers, we have that most grateful and comforting secular beverage, "Crème de Menthe," still with us. As manufactured by Marie Brizard and Roger, this delicious, emerald-coloured liqueur is at its best, and is now firmly established in Anglo-Saxon favour by reason of its tonic and highly beneficial qualities, as well as its unique flavour.

When everybody is scampering off north, south, east, west in search of change, it is useful to remember one or two small items that immensely make for comfort in foreign hotels and that cannot be achieved easily when away from home. One is Wright's Coal Tar Soap.



[Copyright.]

A DAINTY EVENING TOILETTE.

appeared in the tea-room of a fashionable Club some days ago, when the entrance of a young woman in the present Paris substitute for the crinoline—called, I believe, a "cercllette"—together with the straight-cut fringe, also a novelty accepted of fashion by some eccentrics, caused, firstly, stares, and finally—one regrets to state—strangled giggles from several beholders. The passion of fashion which can induce a nice-looking girl to appear in a Phil May fringe and a swaying substitute for a crinoline must be strong indeed, and the solemnity with which such a one takes herself but adds to the absurd situation. An increased fulness of skirt is established amongst the calculations of the *couturières*, and it would seem that the necessity for holding these dresses out from the ankles is accepted; hence the introduction of the "cercllette." No one in these emancipated days would, of course, deny a woman the right to follow her sartorial inclinations to the third and fourth generation of frou-frous; but, still, there ought to be a limit fixed now, as in Elizabethan days, beyond which ridiculous excess should not be permitted to go.

Those clever folk, the Masked Serenaders, gave a capital entertainment at the Paddington Baths on Friday (20th), in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League. Mrs. Bradshaw discoursed practically and humanely on the sorrows of Metropolitan dogs, cats, and horses, and certainly none remembering the blizzards of last week and the intense sufferings of poor horses in the sleet and snow could but agree and sympathise with her excellent discourse. To have seen two horses killed in the street, as was my fate one particularly bad afternoon, made one look forward to the motor millennium, when struggling horses will be



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING CLOAK.

Its wholesome, penetrating odour is refreshing to the last degree, and the soap is an absolute disinfectant. This may be said with equal emphasis about Wright's tooth-powder. Both luxuries of the toilette should be carefully bestowed in the dressing-bag before starting on the shortest journey. Nothing else quite replaces them when wandering on a foreign strand, as the Early Victorian poet said of Boulogne!

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBALTERN.—There are card-tables to be had with receptacles for glasses, but it is really more practical to keep a small table in attendance for whiskies-and-sodas—ash-trays and tumblers are so apt to be swept off on to the floor. If you will have nothing else, Vickery, of Regent Street, will, no doubt, build you something that will combine safety and convenience. He is an expert at all such kinds of contrivances.

JUBILLA.—I hear it is freezing in the South. Take all kinds of wraps. In the absence of English fires, you will feel the cold more in a country whose normal condition is warmth and sunshine. I do not think fury motor-coats are suitable for other kinds of travelling. For appearance, the case of cloth outside and fur within is greatly preferable. The sole reason for the hideous and ungainly bear, goat, and other wild-man-of-the-woods exteriors which one sees all around is that fur does not collect and show dust as cloth does. Have one of the smart new redingotes in face cloth, lined with squirrel or mink if you can afford it, and collared with sable or chinchilla. Peter Robinson will do you as well as anyone there.

TANTIVY (Dorking).—The Essex Hunt Ball is fixed for Feb. 1, so you will have to hurry up with your frock. How could your hostess have so confused the dates if she lives in the district! Failing everything, you can get something at Paquin's or Lola's sale. They have had fascinating evening-frocks on view, Ernest also, but I hope your dressmaker will come up to time. For the corsets, you should put yourself in the London Corset Company's hands. You really may pay twice as much, but cannot do better. They will make for you, if you prefer it.

SYBIL.

Mr. Robert Brough, who was fatally injured in the railway smash at Cudworth, was one of the best known of Scotland's younger artists. From his place at an Aberdeen lithographer's, he had risen to considerable distinction, and from the day his work first attracted the attention of Sir George Reid, formerly President of the Royal Scottish Academy, he made steady progress both in popularity and in his art. Amongst the commissions with which he had most success may be mentioned the portrait of the Marquis of Linlithgow, presented to his Lordship last year when he returned to this country after having acted as the first Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, and a picture of a Spanish lady recently exhibited in the International Exhibition. Mr. Brough, whose work was frequently seen on the walls of Burlington House, was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy some two years ago, and was a member of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Engravers, and of the Society of Portrait Painters.

Keenly alert where change of programme is concerned, the management of the London Coliseum now presents several new numbers to its patrons. Amongst these must be mentioned the four Lukens, in a stage aerial act; the Mayvilles, living marionettes; Manning's entertainers—"outside the steam-room of a Turkish Bath"; "Fata Morgana" and "Polar Star," Theodor Hugo's unique transformations; Pit-and-Cute, trapeze comedians; the Andos Japs, jugglers, balancers, and sliding-wire wonder-workers; the Florenz Troupe of great acrobats; and Harry Lamore, a comedian on a wire.

Signor B. Volpi has now produced his long-promised "Steeplechase" at the Royal Italian Circus. The ring was transformed into the semblance of a steeplechase course, with artificial fences, hedges, and water-jumps, and the applause with which the production was received testified to its popularity. Over sixty animals took part, and the famous goat "Flora" looked a most presentable stag when fitted up with antlers. The other animal "turns" are as numerous and entertaining as ever.

The bad weather of last month, which was so prevalent in Europe, has entirely vanished from the Riviera, where brilliant sunshine lends full glory to the balmy air. Cannes is specially favoured, and there is every prospect of a magnificent season. Cannes is particularly liked by those of quiet disposition or delicate health. It is admirably protected from the north and east winds, and the climate is remarkably dry. If it has not the robust gaiety of Monte Carlo, it has other attractions which are equally great in their own way. The Hôtel Métropole is one of the finest of the Riviera palaces. It stands on high ground in its own private park of thirty acres, visitors being thus assured of complete privacy and the enjoyment of lovely walks. The Métropole tennis-courts are unequalled, and the sanitary arrangements are absolutely perfect.

Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, of 25, Old Bond Street, W., have purchased an unique collection of jewels from the stock of an eminent West-End pearl-and-diamond merchant who is retiring from business, and are offering them, until Easter, at two-thirds of the original marked prices. This is an excellent opportunity to secure jewels for investment at specially low prices. The stock consists of rings, necklaces, bracelets, pendants, tiaras, &c., of the finest quality and in the newest modes.

Messrs. Kuhner, Henderson, and Co. have been awarded the Grand Prix at the St. Louis Exhibition for Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

Miss Mabel Mavis's afternoon concert at the Steinway Hall to-morrow (Jan. 26th) ought to attract a large audience, with so many talented artists and such an excellent programme in every respect. The "Hydrodaktylupsychicharmonica," on which Miss Mavis plays, is quite a novel instrument, and gives forth delightful music under her skilful manipulation.

## THE LATE MR. G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A.

ONE of the most charming men in London, in England, in the world, was the late Mr. Boughton. The sunny warmth of his nature, radiating from him, affected all who came in contact with him. That little tribute may, perhaps, be allowed to lie like a flower upon his resting-place.

Many people imagined that Mr. Boughton belonged to the band of American "R.A.'s." He did not, for he was born near Norwich, though he was only two when he was taken to America by his parents, and it was chance which caused him eventually to settle in London. Like most artists, he showed an early aptitude for drawing. When he was about four, he had the top of his head nearly knocked off in an accident, and, to amuse him during his illness, a brother drew elephants. The child copied them, and did them so well that when he was five his work was anything but childish. He also learned to draw Red Indians, and when, a year or two later, he went to school, all the boys wanted pictures of Red Indians on their slates. So impressed were they with them that they cut the drawings out of the slates. When the master saw the destroyed slates, he asked who had drawn on them. When he was told, he gave the child a thrashing for each slate—five thrashings. The boy fainted. Frightened, the master sent for one of the senior Boughton boys, a sturdy young man, who thrashed the schoolmaster and took the child away.

Two or three years after, George Boughton had a silver half-dollar given to him. Determined to spend it well, he sought all sorts of advice, and, finally, decided to purchase a history-book. With his little sister, he went into a bookseller's and asked for a history. He did not know that there were all sorts of histories, and acquiesced at the idea of a History of England. The price was three pounds. As it is difficult in real life to buy three pounds for two shillings, a Natural History at sixpence was suggested. "That's a menagerie, not history," said the boy; but he bought it and used it well.

Years after, in that same shop he saw a copy of the *Art Journal*, and saved up his pennies to buy it. It was the first real art publication he had ever seen, and it influenced his life amazingly. Then he began to draw everything he saw, and gradually acquired such skill that, one day, seeing a comic illustrated paper which invited contributions, he made a sketch and wrote a joke to go with it. A friend engraved it and it was sent in. As a result, they divided twenty-four shillings. A little later he saw oil-colours in tubes for the first time. He bought all he could for cash and as many more as he could get credit for, and a copy of the *Art Journal* in which was a reproduction of Gainsborough's "Market Cart." He copied "The Market Cart" in oils, and took it to the shop where he had bought the paints. That and some other work attracted the attention of an artist, who gave him some help for a time. Shortly after that, by the aid of a friend who advanced the money, he paid his first visit to London, and made some inquiries about getting into the Royal Academy School; but there were too many preliminaries to be gone through to satisfy Mr. Boughton, who at that time wanted to be a landscape-painter pure and simple. Soon after he got back to America, he determined to paint a winter landscape, for he had never seen one painted as he saw it. He went out into the fields and painted until he was so cold that he thought he would have to give up, although the picture was not finished. Then, as he once said, something whispered, "Stick to it; that's the only way pictures are ever done." He stuck, and sent the landscape to the New York National Academy of Design. It was accepted and skied. The President saw it, and said, "That's too good to be put up there. Take it down and put it on the line, instead of my picture." The President always made a point of sending several pictures, that he might have one removed in such cases. So George Boughton's first picture went on the line. Then the great sugar-manufacturer of the United States, who was an art patron, asked the President's advice as to buying pictures, and Mr. Boughton's was one of those selected.

His success decided him to go to New York, where an equal success awaited him. A well-known painter had just died, leaving his widow in straitened circumstances. Several artists determined to give an exhibition for her benefit, each contributing a slight sketch of his own. Mr. Boughton began a picture of a certain size to fill a frame which he liked. A friend saw it and asked for whom he was doing it. Mr. Boughton replied that it was for the Benefit Fund. "Why, my dear chap, I can get you twenty or even forty pounds for that. We're only doing sketches."

Mr. Boughton refused to change his mind. He finished the picture, and it was bought for several hundred dollars, not one of which went into his own pocket. The circumstance got talked about and he was offered many commissions for similar work. Feeling, however, that it would lead him nowhere artistically, he determined to go to Paris. There he worked for about eighteen months, and came to London merely intending to do little more than pass through on his way back to America, which he, naturally, regarded as his home. Some pictures he had with him were bought by a dealer, and he was so strongly advised that there was an opening for his work that he resolved to test the matter in a practical way. His first picture hung at the Academy was enthusiastically praised by the *Times*. Since that first exhibition, forty-two years ago, each year has added to the tale of graceful work, now touched with joy, now flecked with sorrow, sometimes illuminated with fancy, sometimes with fantasy; but, whatever the subject, it has always been instinct with a feeling of art, always suggestive of hope.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 8.*

## THE REVIVAL THAT FAILED.

DESPITE the strong Bank return and the fact that, so far, the Home Railway figures are quite up to what most people expected, the state of affairs in Russia, and the nervous condition into which the unrest in the Czar's Empire has thrown our Continental friends, have been enough—and more than enough—to depress the whole Stock Exchange, while it is curious that fears of what may happen in Russia have even depressed Japanese securities.

At such times the markets are sure to be full of pessimistic reports, and even the telegraph-wires seem to make mistakes curiously opportune for the bears. From the Rand, circumstantial stories of a revolt of the Chinese and of a new outbreak of plague have come through a well-known News Agency, only to be contradicted as soon as they have done their work; while a big railway accident has not made holders of Midland Deferred too sanguine of the outlook. At last, in the Westralian section shareholders have shown that they can assert themselves, and the result of the Northern Blocks meeting makes us hope for better things in the case of the Associated. All the Government dry-nursing in the world will never save the investor from the result of his own supineness; but, if shareholders would seriously set about clearing out directors under whose rule some of the late scandals have taken place, we should see a great change for the better in Westralians.

A prospectus of a concern called "The Welsh Quarries, Limited," is being widely circulated and has been sent to a correspondent, offering 10 per cent. Debentures and a bonus of 10 per cent. in shares. We hope none of our readers will be foolish enough to part with their money. Years ago, we warned investors against similar specious offers in connection with some South Devon slate-quarries in which several readers had lost money. We do not know whether this precious concern emanates from the same people, but it is quite as much to be avoided. To anyone who knows even the elements of slate-quarrying, the document carries its own condemnation on its face, while the calculation of prospective profits is grotesque. The land may adjoin the celebrated Oakeley Quarry, but there is nothing to show that the main beds of slate which have made fortunes of the Festiniog district either strike through it or run under it. The so-called experts whose reports are referred to have not the hardihood to suggest that either the "old vein" or the "new vein" will be found. We wonder if they know of their existence.

## MINING MATTERS.

Except for some of the outside shares not greatly dealt in, the Mining Markets are still a source of disappointment to their supporters. Amongst those outsiders we may mention the shares of the Famatina Development Company, which, within the last week or so, rose to nearly a sovereign. As we write, the price is about 17s. 6d. again, but a strong Stock Exchange group has the Company in hand now, and there are good reasons for the rise. With the immense amount of interest that now centres upon Argentine matters, mining in the Republic will probably come rapidly to the front before long. As we have frequently pointed out, there is plenty of scope for mining speculation in the Argentine. Some fresh field will certainly be necessary, according to the pessimists, if the attention of gamblers is to be retained in Mine shares. The Kaffir Circus has become a happy hunting-ground for the bears, and the internal troubles of Russia, as a factor making for lower prices, are being worked for as much as they are worth.

South Africans will, of course, revive again, but the market badly needs an entirely new set of buyers. There is still a trifling interest displayed in West African shares, and if only alleged producers could turn out a fair amount of payable gold, the public might possibly be induced to take a fresh hand in the game, although fingers have been badly burnt before at this same speculation. We should, however, be less surprised to see revival in Westralian shares, upon the dividends which the chief concerns continue to pay. Nevertheless, the uncomfortable talk about the Horseshoe output being in advance of what scientific methods consider justified, makes people hesitate to enter a market in which these little incidents are so frequent. Indian shares have gone under something of a cloud by reason of the Nundydroog new capital, but this is a temporary matter, and prices, we venture to anticipate, will not take long to recover.



MINING VILLAGE, UPPER WASSAU.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"You can make tragedies out of most things, if you like," said The Biggest Idiot, complacently.

He was a new addition to The Carriage, and had an irritating way of making shots at epigrams.

"What is the matter now?" inquired The Jobber, who more than rather resented the latest comer—for obvious reasons.

"Look at the tragedy of the Kaff—" "

"Young man, you just keep off the grass," The Broker admonished him. "South Africans are *his* pet properties, and nobody else is allowed to have an opinion while *he* is about."

"Don't be a nass, Brokie," returned The Jobber, with commendable calmness. "After all, there is something tragical in the way Kaffirs have disappointed us all."

"*Pro tem.*," suggested The Engineer.

"*Or pro bono publico.*," The Solicitor observed.

"Pro-Boer, you mean," The Jobber disdainfully added. "Kaffir shares must be Pro-Boer," he repeated, with reflection, "or they wouldn't disappoint us so much."

"The hopes of speculators are like summer clouds," The Biggest Idiot declared. "They start very high and come down with a run."

"What a damp bad simile!" said The Jobber, drily. "Oh, for a month of real good business!"

"Tired of idleness?" asked The Solicitor, smiling.

"I am. Here am I, willing and able to work, yet cannot depend upon making a paltry six-pounds-five a day."

"Do not imagine him to be wholly lacking in talent," The Broker implored them.

"It seems to me," The Solicitor said again, "that the really hard workers are generally the least brainy, whereas the talented folk are seldom desperate workers."

The Jobber rose and made him an elaborate bow, much to the indignation of The Broker.

"But isn't it so?" The Solicitor persisted.

"There are exceptions, of course," said The Engineer, meeting with ready agreement.

"The man who works least deserves most sympathy," announced The Biggest Idiot.

"Pray accept my profound—"

"Lie down," The Broker commanded his fellow-member. "He can't help it, so let him alone."

The Engineer said he knew that Anglo "A" wouldn't get any dividend.

"Yes, but I don't think we expected the Preferred to get only 5½ instead of 6 per cent. for the full year."

The Banker was appealed to on the point as to whether Anglo-American Preferred was a good speculative investment.

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders.

"There are many better, are there not?" asked The Broker.

"National Telephone Preferred, for one," The Engineer considered.

"I regard Anglo-American Telegraph Preferred as a fairly good speculative investment," said the Banker, slowly.

"And Telephone Preferred? It's a 6 per cent. stock."

"I would put into the same category as Anglo 'B.' Neither of them appears to me to offer as much attraction as—"

"Kaffirs?"

"I was not going to say Kaffirs," and The Banker laughed good-humouredly at The Jobber, "as Japan Six per Cent. was my original idea."

"First or Second Series?" inquired The Engineer.

"The former," was the response.

"But there's no rise in the stock," objected The Solicitor. "It is repayable so soon, and at par."

"I was looking at the Bonds as an investment paying good interest rather than as a channel for increase in capital value."

"Eh, what? What's that tip?" and The City Editor threw away his papers with a gesture of relief.

"Sell Union Pacifics and Steel Pref.," said The Jobber, placidly, "and put the money into Barnato Consols, Comets, or Langlaagte Estates."

The City Editor asked whether The Jobber had already forgotten a certain statuette of Truth.

"No," said his friend. "Lost it?"

The Carriage laughed, and The Biggest Idiot asked if it was right to be a bear of Yankees.

"There's trouble Bruin," said The Jobber. Nobody saw the point, so it didn't matter.

"Much trouble, I am afraid," The Broker went on. "But so long as the United States trade goes on progressing, the labour difficulties will be kept quiet."

"And progress is bound to be the order of the day in a continent like that."

"Then we are bulls of Yankees," and The City Editor looked puzzled.

"Bears by sentiment and Bulls by conviction," The Biggest Idiot opined.

"Keep out of the market and go in for Foreign Bonds," advised The Broker. "Argentine, Brazil, Uruguay—you can be a bull of the lot and it won't hurt you."

"But these are investments," cried The Engineer. "And we are speculators, every man jack of us."

The Banker smilingly said that his Christian name was not John, and The Jobber retorted, with a laugh, that the exceptions were generally better men than the rule.

"Brighton 'A' is now my particular favourite for a rise," the old gentleman remarked. "It is certainly cheap, and yields £4 5s. 6d. on the money invested. The dividend was better than I myself expected."

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed The Engineer. "At last I've made a convert to my creed about Home Rails."

"I spoke of Brighton 'A,' not of Home Rails in bulk," protested The Banker.

"A highly necessary distinction to draw," The Broker affirmed; but The Jobber murmured something about running with the hare and hunting with the hounds.

"Hare, hare!" commented The City Editor. "But what about our gamble? Berthas are too heavy for most of us."

"Barneys, Comets, and Langlaagtes have already been mentioned in these columns as offering excellent chances for a rise," quoth The Jobber, maliciously. "Stop kicking!" and he threw a match at The City Editor.

"Deccans are going to 3," announced The Broker.

"And you might buy Oroya Brownhills without hurting yourself, I am told," added The City Editor.

"Gas stock I always swear by," The Solicitor said; "but have you no advice for us?" and he turned to The Broker.

The latter was preparing to alight. "Sell everything," he said, one foot on the door-step, "in the Kaffir Market," and he dashed out of reach of The Jobber's umbrella as it shot through the open window.

"There is dishonour even among thieves," began The Biggest Idiot, but the sentence was finished by The Jobber. Silently, yet effectually.

#### "THE MINING YEAR-BOOK" AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

The usual annual edition of this reference-book, with information brought up to Dec. 31 last, has reached us, and is a piece of work of which everybody concerned may well be proud. It is published by the *Financial Times* at the modest price of fifteen shillings, deals with over four thousand Companies, besides giving lists of mining directors, secretaries, and mining engineers, and a well-written review of the past year's mining by Mr. J. W. Broomhead. The information is neatly arranged in tabular form and alphabetical order, and, as far as a hurried run through the fifteen hundred pages enables us to judge, singularly free from misprints and clerical errors.

"Mathieson's Highest and Lowest Prices" is another most useful book for all people who profess to be interested in Stock Exchange matters. Published at half-a-crown, it gives the highest and lowest price of every quoted security for the year 1904, the monthly fluctuations of the most active, and the dividends paid during the last six years, and is neatly compiled. We can honestly recommend this little publication to the numerous correspondents who are seeking information on the points covered.

Saturday, Jan. 21, 1905.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

F. M.—The question to which the answer you refer to applied, was directly concerned with English and Scotch Banks, and only applied to them. Of course, good Colonial Banks will pay 4 per cent. for long deposits, but the experience of 1893, when so many of the very best went wrong, does not induce us to recommend this form of investment.

H. F. D.—Thank you for your letter and the booklet. We will call attention to the subject at an early date.

DEBENTURE-HOLDER.—We avoid referring to the affairs of this Company in these columns for obvious reasons of good taste. Go to the meeting and hear what is said; then vote as you think best for your own interest.

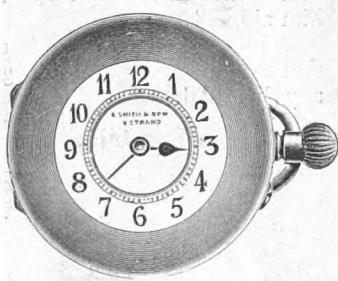
HENRY.—Foreign and Colonial Trust Deferred at about 117, with a dividend of £4 to come off and paying 6½ per cent., should suit you. It is not Consols, but one of the best things we know to yield over 5½ per cent. United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Debentures are also excellent. Divide your £1000 equally between the two and you will get nearly £60 a year.

ANXIOUS.—A promise of 10 per cent. should make you suspicious. See this week's Notes. The concern should be avoided, as it is a mere booby-trap.

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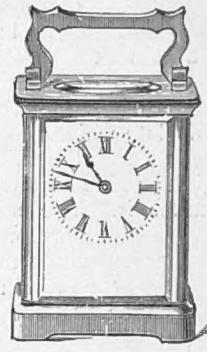
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